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Put Yourself in His Place.

CHAPTER VI.



THE sight of this human cinder, hanging by one hand between two deaths, every sentiment but humanity vanished from the ruggedest bosom, and the skilled workmen set themselves to save their unpopular comrade with admirable quickness and judgment: two new wheelbands, that had just come into the works, were caught up in a moment, and four workmen ran with them and got below the suspended figure: they then turned back to back, and, getting the bands over their shoulders, pulled hard against each other. This was necessary to straighten the bands: they weighed half a hundred-

weight each. Others stood at the centre of the bands, and directed Little where to drop, and stood ready to catch him should he bound off them.

But now matters took an unexpected turn. Little, to all appearance, was blind and deaf. He hung there, moaning, and glaring, and his one sinewy arm supported his muscular but light frame almost incredibly. He was out of his senses, or nearly.

"Let thyself come, lad," cried a workman, "we are all right to catch thee."

He made no answer, but hung there glaring and moaning.

"The man will drop noane, till he swoons," said another, after watching him keenly.

"Then get you closer to the wall, men," cried Cheetham, in great anxiety. "He'll come like a stone, when he does come." This injunction was given none too soon: the men had hardly shifted their positions, when Little's hand opened, and he came down like lead, with his hands all abroad, and his body straight; but his knees were slightly bent, and he caught the bands just below the knee, and bounded off them into the air, like a cricket-ball. But many hands grabbed at him, and the grinder Reynolds caught him by the shoulder, and they rolled on the ground together, very little the worse for that tumble. "Well done! well done!" cried Cheetham. "Let him lie, lads, he is best there for a while; and run for a doctor, one of you."

"Ay, run for Jack Doubleface," cried several voices at once.

"Now, make a circle, and give him air, men."

Then they all stood in a circle, and eyed the blackened and quivering figure with pity and sympathy, while the canopy of white smoke bellied over head. Nor were those humane sentiments silent; and the roughs seemed to be even more overcome than the others: no brains were required to pity this poor fellow now; and so strong an appeal to their hearts, through their senses, roused their good impulses and rare sensibilities. Oh, it was strange to hear good and kindly sentiments come out in the Dash dialect.

"It's a —— shame!"

"There lies a good workman done for by some —— thief, that wasn't fit to blow his bellows, —— him!"

"Say he *was* a cockney, he was always —— civil."

"And life's as sweet to him as to any man in Hillsborough."

"Hold your —— tongue, he's coming to."

Henry did recover his wits enough to speak; and what do you think was his first word?

He clasped his hands together, and said,—*"My MOTHER! OH, DON'T LET HER KNOW!"*

This simple cry went through many a rough heart; a loud gulp or two were heard soon after, and more than one hard and coally cheek was channelled by sudden tears. But now a burly figure came rolling in; they drew back and silenced each other.—*"The Doctor!"* This was the remarkable person they called Jack Doubleface. Nature had stuck a philosophic head, with finely-cut features, and a mouth brimful of finesse, on to a corpulent and ungraceful body, that yawned from side to side as he walked.

The man of art opened with two words. He looked up at the white cloud, which was now floating away; sniffed the air, and said, *"Gunpowder!"* Then he looked down at Little, and said, *"Ah!"* half drily, half sadly. Indeed several sentences of meaning condensed themselves

into that simple interjection. At this moment, some men, whom curiosity had drawn to Henry's forge, came back to say the forge had been blown up, and "the bellows torn limb from jacket, and the room strewn with ashes."

The doctor laid a podgy hand on the prisoner's wrist: the touch was light, though the fingers were thick and heavy. The pulse, which had been very low, was now galloping and bounding frightfully. "Fetch him a glass of brandy-and-water," said Dr. Amboyne. (There were still doctors in Hillsborough, though not in London, who would have had him bled on the spot.)

"Now, then, a surgeon! Which of you lads operates on the eye, in these works?"

A lanky file-cutter took a step forward. "I am the one that takes the motes out of their eyes."

"Then be good enough to show me his eye."

The file-cutter put out a hand with fingers prodigiously long and thin, and deftly parted both Little's eyelids with his finger and thumb, so as to show the whole eye.

"Hum!" said the Doctor, and shook his head.

He then patted the sufferer all over, and the result of that examination was satisfactory. Then came the brandy-and-water; and while Henry's teeth were clattering at the glass and he was trying to sip the liquid, Dr. Amboyne suddenly lifted his head, and took a keen survey of the countenances round him. He saw the general expression of pity on the rugged faces. He also observed one rough fellow who wore a strange wild look: the man seemed puzzled, scared, confused, like one half awakened from some hideous dream. This was the grinder who had come into the works in place of the hand Cheetham had discharged for refusing to grind cockney blades.

"Hum!" said Dr. Amboyne, and appeared to be going into a brown study.

But he shook that off, and said, briskly, "Now, then, what was his crime? Did he owe some mutual aid society six-and-fourpence?"

"That's right," said Reynolds, sullenly, "throw everything on the union. If we knew who it was, he'd lie by the side of this one in less than a minute, and, happen, not get up again so soon." A growl of assent confirmed the speaker's words. Cheetham interposed and drew Amboyne aside, and began to tell him who the man was and what the dispute; but Amboyne cut the latter explanation short. "What," said he, "is this the carver whose work I saw up at Mr. Carden's?"

"This is the very man, no doubt."

"Why, he's a sculptor: Praxiteles in wood. A fine choice they have made for their gunpowder, a workman that did honour to the town."

A faint flush of gratified pride coloured the ghastly cheek a moment.

"Doctor, shall I live to finish the bust?" said Henry, piteously.

"That and hundreds more, if you obey me. The fact is, Mr. Cheetham,

this young man is not hurt, but his nerves have received a severe shock ; and the sooner he is out of this place the better. Ah, there is my brougham at the gate. Come, put him into it, and I'll take him to the infirmary."

"No," said Little, "I won't go there ; my mother would hear of it."

"Oh, then your mother is not to know?"

"Not for all the world ! She has had trouble enough. I'll just wash my face and buy a clean shirt, and she'll never know what has happened. It would kill her. Oh, yes, it would kill her !"

The Doctor eyed him with warm approval. "You are a fine young fellow. I'll see you safe through this, and help you throw dust in your mother's eyes. If you go to her with that scratched face, we are lost. Come, get into my carriage, and home with me."

"Mayn't I wash my face first ? And look at my shirt ; as black as a cinder."

"Wash your face, by all means ; but you can button your coat over your shirt."

The coat was soon brought, and so was a pail of water and a piece of yellow soap. Little dashed his head and face into the bucket, and soon inked all the water. The explosion had filled his hair with black dust, and grimed his face and neck like a sweep's. This ablution made him clean, but did not bring back his ruddy colour. He looked pale and scratched.

The men helped him officiously into the carriage, though he could have walked very well alone.

Henry asked leave to buy a clean shirt. The Doctor said he would lend him one at home.

While Henry was putting it on Doctor Amboyne ordered his dogcart instead of his brougham, and mixed some medicines. And soon Henry found himself seated in the dogcart, with a warm cloak over him, and whisking over the stones of Hillsborough.

All this had been done so rapidly and unhesitatingly that Henry, injured and shaken as he was, had yielded passive obedience. But now he began to demur a little. "But where are we going, sir?" he asked.

"To change the air and the scene. I'll be frank with you—you are man enough to bear the truth—you have received a shock that will very likely bring on brain-fever, unless you get some sleep to-night. But you would not sleep in Hillsborough. You'd wake a dozen times in the night, trembling like an aspen leaf, and fancying you were blown up again."

"Yes, but my mother, sir ! If I don't go home at seven o'clock, she'll find me out."

"If you went crazy, wouldn't she find you out ? Come, my young friend, trust to my experience, and to the interest this attempt to murder you, and your narrow escape, have inspired in me. When I have landed you in the Temple of Health, and just wasted a little advice on a pig-headed patient in the neighbourhood (he is the squire of the place), I'll

drive back to Hillsborough, and tell your mother some story or other : you and I will concoct that together as we go."

At this Henry was all obedience, and indeed thanked him, with the tears in his eyes, for his kindness to a poor stranger.

Dr. Amboyne smiled. "If you were not a stranger, you would know that saving cutlers' lives is my hobby, and one in which I am steadily resisted and defeated, especially by the cutlers themselves; why I look upon you as a most considerate and obliging young man for indulging me in this way. If you had been a Hillsborough hand, you would insist upon a brain-fever, and a trip to the lunatic asylum, just to vex me, and hinder me of my hobby."

Henry stared. This was too eccentric for him to take it all in at once. "What!" said Dr. Amboyne, observing his amazement. "Did you never hear of Dr. Doubleface?"

"No, sir."

"Never hear of the corpulent lunatic, who goes about the city, chanting, like a cuckoo, 'Put yourself in his place—put yourself in her place—in their place?'"

"No, sir, I never did."

"Then such is fame. Well, never mind that just now; there's a time for everything. Please observe that ruined house: the ancient family to whom it belongs are a remarkable example of the vicissitude of human affairs." He then told him the curious ups and downs of that family, which, at two distant periods, had held vast possessions in the county; but were now represented by the shell of one manor-house, and its dovecote, the size of a modern villa. Next he showed him an obscure battlefield, and told him that story, and who were the parties engaged; and so on. Every mile furnished its legend, and Dr. Amboyne related them all so graphically, that the patient's mind was literally stolen away from himself. At last, after a rapid drive of eleven miles through the pure invigorating air, they made a sudden turn, and entered a pleasant and singularly rural village: they drew up at a rustic farm-house, clad with ivy; and Dr. Amboyne said, "This is the Temple: here you can sleep, as safe from gunpowder, as a field-marshal born."

The farmer's daughter came out, and beamed pleasure at sight of the doctor: he got down, and told her the case, privately, and gave her precise instructions. She often interrupted the narrative with "Lawkadasies," and other rural interjections, and simple exclamations of pity. She promised faithful compliance with his orders.

He then beckoned Henry in, and said, "This picture of health was a patient of mine once, as you are now; there's encouragement for you. I put you under her charge. Get a letter written to your mother, and I'll come back for it in half an hour. You had a headache, and were feverish, so you consulted a doctor. He advised immediate rest and change of air, and he drove you at once to this village. Write you that, and leave the rest to me. We doctors are dissembling dogs. We have still something

to learn in curing diseases ; but at making light of them to the dying, and other branches of amiable mendacity, we are masters."

As soon as he was gone, the comely young hostess began on her patient. "Dear heart, sir, was it really you as was blowed up with gunpowder ?"

"Indeed it was, and not many hours ago. It seems like a dream."

"Well, now, who'd think that, to look at you ? Why, you are none the worse, forbye a scratch or two, and, dear heart, I've seen a young chap bring as bad home, from courting, in these parts ; and wed the lass as marked him—within the year."

"Oh, it is not the scratches ; but feel my hand, how it trembles. And it used to be as firm as a rock ; for I never drink."

"So it do, I declare. Why, you do tremble all over ; and no wonder, poor soul. Come you in this minut, and sit down a bit by the fire, while I go and make the room ready for you."

But, as soon as he was seated by the fire, the current began to flow again. "Well, I never liked Hillsborough folk much—poor, mean-visaged tykes they be—but now I do hate 'em. What, blow up a decent young man like you, and a well-favoured, and hair like jet, and eyes in your head like sloes ! But that's their ground of spite, I warrant me ; the nasty, ugly, dirty dogs. Well, you may just snap your fingers at them all now. They don't come out so far as this ; and, if they did, stouter men grows in this village than any in Hillsborough : and I've only to hold up my finger, for as little as I be, and they'd all be well ducked in father's horsepond, and then flogged home again with a good cart-whip well laid on. And, another thing, whatever we do, Squire he will make it good in law : he is gentle, and we are simple ; but our folk and his has stood by each other this hundred year and more. But, la, I run on so, and you was to write a letter again the doctor came back. I'll fetch you some paper this minut."

She brought him writing materials, and stood by him, with this apology, "If 'twas to your sweetheart, I'd be off. But 'tis to your mother." (With a side glance,) "She have been a handsome woman in her day, I'll go bail."

"She is as beautiful as ever in my eyes," said Henry, tenderly. "And, oh, heaven ! give me the sense to write to her without frightening her."

"Then I won't hinder you no more with my chat," said his hostess, with kindly good humour, and slipped away upstairs. She lighted a great wood fire in the bedroom, and laid the bed and the blankets all round it, and opened the window, and took the home-spun linen sheets out of a press, and made the room very tidy. Then she went down again, and the moment Henry saw her, he said : "I feel your kindness, Miss, but I don't know your name, nor where in the world I am." His hostess smiled. "That is no secret. I'm Martha Dence—at your service : and this is Cairnhope town."

"Cairnhope!" cried Henry, and started back, so that his wooden chair made a loud creak upon the stones of the farmer's kitchen.

Martha Dence stared, but said nothing; for almost at that moment the Doctor returned, all in a hurry, for the letter.

Henry begged him to look at it, and see if it would do.

The Doctor read it. "Hum!" said he, "it is a very pretty, filial letter, and increases my interest in you; give me your hand: there. Well, it won't do: too shaky. If your mother once sees this, I may talk till doomsday, she'll not believe a word. You must put off writing till to-morrow night. Now give me her address, for I really must get home."

"She lives on the second floor, No. 13, Chettle Street."

"Her name?"

"Sir, if you ask for the lady that lodges on the second floor, you will be sure to see her."

Doctor Amboyne looked a little surprised, and not very well pleased, at what seemed a want of confidence. But he was a man singularly cautious and candid in forming his judgments; so he forbore all comment, and delivered his final instructions. "Here is a bottle containing only a few drops of faba Ignatii in water. It's an innocent medicine, and has sometimes a magical effect in soothing the mind and nerves. A table-spoonful three times a day. And *this* is a sedative, which you can take if you find yourself quite unable to sleep. But I wouldn't have recourse to it unnecessarily; for these sedatives are uncertain in their operation; and, when a man is turned upside down, as you have been, they sometimes excite. Have a faint light in your bedroom. Tie a cord to the bell-rope, and hold it in your hand all night. Fix your mind on that cord, and keep thinking, 'This is to remind me that I am eleven miles from Hillsborough, in a peaceful village, safe from all harm.' To-morrow, walk up to the top of Cairnhope Peak, and inhale the glorious breeze, and look over four counties. Write to your mother at night, and, meantime, I'll do my best to relieve her anxiety. Good-by."

Memory sometimes acts like an old flint-gun: it hangs fire, yet ends by going off. While Dr. Amboyne was driving home, the swarthy, but handsome, features of the workman he had befriended seemed to enter his mind more deeply than during the hurry, and he said to himself, "Jet black hair; great black eyes; and olive skin; they are rare in these parts; and, somehow, they remind me a little of *her*."

Then his mind went back, in a moment, over many years, to the days when he was stalwart, but not unwieldy, and loved a dark but peerless beauty, loved her deeply, and told his love, and was esteemed and pitied, but another was beloved.

And so sad, yet absorbing, was the retrospect of his love, his sorrow, and her own unhappy lot, that it blotted out of his mind, for a time, the very youth whose features and complexion had launched him into the past.

But the moment his horse's feet rang on the stones, this burly philosopher shook off the past, and set himself to recover lost time. He drove rapidly to several patients, and, at six o'clock, was at 13 Chettle Street, and asked for the lady on the second floor. "Yes, sir; she is at home," was the reply. "But I don't know; she lives very retired. She hasn't received any visits since they came. However, they rent the whole floor, and the sitting-room fronts you."

Dr. Amboyne mounted the stair and knocked at the door. A soft and mellow voice bade him enter. He went in, and a tall lady in black, with plain linen collar and wristbands, rose to receive him. They confronted each other. Time and trouble had left their trace, but there were the glorious eyes, and jet black hair, and the face, worn and pensive, but still beautiful. It was the woman he had loved, the only one.

"Mrs. Little!" said he, in an indescribable tone.

"Dr. Amboyne!"

For a few moments he forgot the task he had undertaken; and could only express his astonishment and pleasure at seeing her once more.

Then he remembered why he was there; and the office he had undertaken so lightly alarmed him now.

His first instinct was to gain time. Accordingly, he began to chide her gently for having resided in the town and concealed it from him; then, seeing her confused and uncomfortable at that reproach, and in the mood to be relieved by any change of topic, he glided off, with no little address, as follows:—"Observe the consequences: here have I been most despotically rustivating a youth who turns out to be your son."

"My son! is there anything the matter with my son? Oh, Doctor Amboyne!"

"He must have been out of sorts, you know, or he would not have consulted me," replied the Doctor, affecting candour.

"Consult! Why, what has happened? He was quite well when he left me this morning."

"I doubt that. He complained of headache and fever. But I soon found his *mind* was worried. A misunderstanding with the trades! I was very much pleased with his face and manner; my carriage was at the door; his pulse was high, but there was nothing that country air and quiet will not restore. So I just drove him away, and landed him in a farmhouse."

Mrs. Little's brow flushed at this. She was angry. But, in a nature so gentle as hers, anger soon gave way. She turned a glance of tearful and eloquent reproach on Doctor Amboyne. "The first time we have ever been separated since he was born," said she, with a sigh.

Dr. Amboyne's preconceived plan broke down that moment. He said, hurriedly,—

"Take my carriage, and drive to him. Better do that than torment yourself."

"Where is he?" asked the widow, brightening up at the proposal.

"At Cairnhope."

At this word, Mrs. Little's face betrayed a series of emotions: first confusion, then astonishment, and at last a sort of superstitious alarm.

"At Cairnhope?" she faltered at last. "My son at Cairnhope?"

"Pray do not torment yourself with fancies," said the Doctor. "All this is the merest accident—the simplest thing in the world. I cured Patty Dence of diphtheria, when it decimated the village. She and her family are grateful; the air of Cairnhope has a magic effect on people who live in smoke, and Martha and Jael let me send them out an invalid now and then to be reinvigorated. I took this young man there, not knowing who he was. Go to him, if you like. But, frankly, as his physician, I would rather you did not. Never do a wise thing by halves. He ought to be entirely separated from all his cares, even from yourself (who are doubtless one of them), for five or six days. He needs no other medicine but that, and the fine air of Cairnhope."

"Then somebody must see him every day, and tell me. Oh! Doctor Amboyne, this is the beginning: what will the end be? I am miserable."

"My man shall ride there every day, and see him, and bring you back a letter from him."

"Your man!" said Mrs. Little, a little haughtily.

Doctor Amboyne met her glance. "If there was any ground for alarm, should I not go myself every day?" said he, gravely, and even tenderly.

"Forgive me," said the widow, and gave him her hand with a sweet and womanly gesture.

The main difficulty was now got over; and Dr. Amboyne was careful not to say too much, for he knew that his tongue moved among pitfalls.

As Dr. Amboyne descended the stairs, the landlady held a door ajar, and peeped at him, according to a custom of such delicate-minded females, as can neither restrain their curiosity nor indulge it openly. Dr. Amboyne beckoned to her, and asked for a private interview. This was promptly accorded.

"Would ten guineas be of any service to you, madam?"

"Eh, dear, that it would, sir. Why, my rent is just coming due."

Under these circumstances, the bargain was soon struck. Not a syllable about the explosion at Cheetham's was to reach the second-floor lodger's ears, and no Hillsborough journal was to mount the stairs until the young man's return. If inquired for, they were to be reported all sold out, and a London journal purchased instead.

Having secured a keen and watchful ally in this good woman, who, to do her justice, showed a hearty determination to earn her ten guineas,

Dr. Amboyne returned home, his own philosophic pulse beating faster than it had done for some years.

He had left Mrs. Little grateful, and, apparently, in good spirits; but, ere he had been gone an hour, the bare separation from her son overpowered her, and a host of vague misgivings tortured her, and she slept but little that night. By noon next day she was thoroughly miserable; but Dr. Amboyne's man rode up to the door in the afternoon with a cheerful line from Henry.

"All right, dear mother. Better already. Letter by post.

"HENRY."

She detained the man, and made up a packet of things for Cairnhope, and gave him five shillings to be sure and take them.

This was followed by a correspondence, a portion of which will suffice to eke out the narrative.

"DEAREST MOTHER,—I slept ill last night, and got up aching from head to foot, as if I had been well hided. But they sent me to the top of Cairnhope Peak, and, what with the keen air and the glorious view, I came home and ate like a hog. That pleased Martha Dence, and she kept putting me slices off her own plate, till I had to cry quarter. As soon as I have addressed this letter, I'm off to bed, for it is all I can do not to fall asleep sitting.

"I am safe to be all right to-morrow, so pray don't fret.

"I am,

"Dear mother,"

&c. &c.

"DEAREST MOTHER,—I hope you are not fretting about me. Dr. Amboyne promised to stop all that. But do write, and say you are not fretting and fancying all manner of things at my cutting away so suddenly. It was the Doctor's doing. And, mother, I shall not stay long away from you, for I slept twelve hours at a stretch last night, and now I'm another man. But really, I think the air of that Cairnhope Peak would cure a fellow at his last gasp.

"Thank you for the linen, and the brushes and things. But you are not the sort to forget anything a fellow might want," &c.

"No, my darling son. Be in no hurry to leave Cairnhope. Of course, love, I was alarmed at first; for I know doctors make the best of everything; and then the first parting!—that is always a sorrowful thing. But, now you are there, I beg you will stay till you are quite recovered. Your letters are a delight, and one I could not have, and you as well, you know.

"Since you are at Cairnhope,—how strange that seems,—pray go and see the old church, where your forefathers are buried. There are curious inscriptions, and some brasses nobody could decipher when I was a girl;

but perhaps you might, you are so clever. Your grandfather's monument is in the chancel: I want you to see it. Am I getting very old, that my heart turns back to these scenes of my youth?

"P.S.—Who is this Martha Dence?"

"DEAR MOTHER,—Martha Dence is the farmer's daughter I lodge with. She is not so pretty as her sister Jael that is with Miss Carden; but she is a comely girl, and as good as gold, and bespoke by the butcher. And her putting slices from her plate to mine is a village custom I find.

"Mother, the people here are wonderfully good and simple. First of all, there's farmer Dence, with his high bald head, like a patriarch of old; and he sits and beams with benevolence, but does not talk much. But he lets me see I can stay with him six years, if I choose. Then, there's Martha, hospitality itself, and ready to fly at my enemies like a mastiff. She is a little hot in the temper; feathers up in a moment; but, at a soft word, they go down again as quick. Then, there's the village blacksmith. I call him 'The gentle giant.' He is a tremendous fellow in height, and size, and sinew; but such a kind, sweet-tempered chap. He could knock down an ox, yet he wouldn't harm a fly. I am his idol: I sauntered in to his smithy, and forged him one or two knives; and of course he had never seen the hammer used with that nicety; but instead of hating me, as the bad forgers in Hillsborough do, he regularly worships me, and comes blushing up to the farmhouse after hours, to ask after me and get a word with me. He is the best whistler in the parish, and sometimes we march down the village at night, arm-in-arm, whistling a duet. This charms the natives so that we could take the whole village out at our heels, and put them down in another parish. But the droll thing is they will not take me for what I am. My gentle giant would say 'Sir' till I pretended to be affronted; the women and girls will bob me curtsies, and the men and white-headed boys will take off their hats, and pull their front hair to me. If a skilled workman wants to burst with vanity, let him settle in Cairnhope."

[EXTRACT.]

"Martha Dence and I have had words, and what do you think it was about? I happened to let out my opinion of Mr. Raby. Mother, it was like setting a match to a barrel of gunpowder. She turned as red as fire, and said, 'Who be you that speaks against Raby to Dence?'

"I tried to pacify her, but it was no use. 'Don't speak to me,' said she. 'I thought better of you. You and I are out.' I bowed before the storm, and, to give her time to cool, I obeyed your wishes, and walked to Cairnhope old church. What a curious place! But I could not get in; and, on my return, I found Mr. Raby keeps the key. Now, you can't do a thing here, or say a word, but what it is known all over the village. So Martha Dence meets me at the door, and says, very stiffly, she thought I might have told her I wanted to see the old church. I pulled a long, penitent face, and said, 'Yes; but, unfortunately, I was out of her good

books, and had orders not to speak to her.' 'Nay,' says she, 'life is too short for long quarrels. You are a stranger, and knew no better.' Then she told me to wait five minutes while she put on her bonnet, as she calls it. Well, I waited the five-and-forty minutes, and she put on her bonnet, and so many other smart things, that we couldn't possibly walk straight up to the old church. We had to go round by the butcher's shop, and order half-a-pound of suet; no less. 'And bring it yourself, this evening,' said I, 'or it might get lost on the road.' Says the butcher, 'Well, sir, that is the first piece of friendly advice any good Christian has bestowed——' But I heard no more, owing to Martha chasing me out of the shop.

"To reach the old church we had to pass the old ruffian's door. Martha went in; I sauntered on, and she soon came after me, with the key in her hand. 'But,' said she, 'he told me if my name hadn't been Dence he wouldn't trust me with it, though I went on my bended knees.'

"We opened the church-door, and I spent an hour inside, examining and copying inscriptions for you. But, when I came to take up a loose brass, to try and decipher it, Martha came screaming at me, 'Oh, put it down! put it down! I pledged my word to Squire you should not touch them brasses.' What could I do, mother? The poor girl was in an agony. This old ruffian has, somehow, bewitched her, and her father too, into a sort of superstitious devotion that I can't help respecting, unreasonable as it is. So I dropped the brass, and took to reflecting. And I give you my thoughts.

"What a pity and a shame that a building of this size should lie idle! If it was mine I would carefully remove all the monuments, and the dead bones, etcetera, to the new church, and turn this old building into a factory, or a set of granaries, or something useful. It is as great a sin to waste bricks and mortar as it is bread," etc.

"MY DEAR HARRY,—Your dear sprightly letters delight me, and reconcile me to the separation; for I see that your health is improving every day, by your gaiety; and this makes me happy, though I cannot quite be gay.

"Your last letter was very amusing, yet, somehow, it set me thinking, long and sadly; and some gentle remarks from Dr. Amboyne (he called yesterday) have also turned my mind the same way. Time has softened the terrible blow that estranged my brother and myself, and I begin to ask myself, was my own conduct perfect? was my brother's quite without excuse? I may have seen but one side, and been too hasty in judging him. At all events, I would have you, who are a man, think for yourself, and not rush into too harsh a view of that unhappy quarrel. Dearest, family quarrels are family misfortunes: why should they go down to another generation? You frighten me, when you wonder that Nathan and his family (I had forgotten his name was Dence) are attached to Mr. Raby. Why, with all his faults, my brother is a chivalrous, high-minded gentleman; his word is his bond, and he never deserts a friend, however humble; and I have heard our dear father say that, for many generations, uncom-

mon acts of kindness had passed between that family of yeomen and the knights and squires of Raby.

"And now, dear, I am going to be very foolish. But, if these Dences are as great favourites with him as they were with my father, she could easily get you into the house some day, when he is out hunting; and I do want you to see one thing more before you come back from Cairnhope—your mother's picture. It hangs, or used to hang, in the great dining-room, nearly opposite the fireplace.

"I blush at my childishness, but I *should* like my child to see what his mother was, when she brought him into the world, that sad world in which he has been her only joy and consolation.

"P.S.—What an idea! Turn that dear old church into a factory! But you are a young man of the day. And a wonderful day it is; I cannot quite keep up with it."

"DEAR MOTHER,—I have been there. Mr. Raby is a borough magistrate, as well as a county justice; and was in Hillsborough all day to-day. Martha Dence took me to Raby Hall, and her name was a passport. When I got to the door, I felt as if something pulled me, and said, 'It's an enemy's house; don't go in.' I wish I had obeyed the warning; but I did not.

"Well, I have seen your portrait. It is lovely. It surpasses any woman I ever saw. And it must have been your image, for it is very like you now, only in the bloom of your youth.

"And now, dear mother, having done something for you, quite against my own judgment, and my feelings too, please do something for me. Promise me never to mention Mr. Raby's name to me again, by letter, or by word of mouth either. He is not a gentleman; he is not a man; he is a mean, spiteful, cowardly cur. I'll keep out of his way, if I can; but if he gets in mine, I shall give him a devilish good hiding, then and there, and I'll tell *him* the reason why; and I will not tell *you*.

"Dear mother, I did intend to stay till Saturday, but, after this, I shall come back to you to-morrow. My own sweet dove of a mammy; who, but a beast, could hurt or affront you?

"So no more letters from your

"Dutiful and affectionate son,

"HARRY."

Next day young Little took leave of his friends in Cairnhope, with a promise to come over some Sunday, and see them all. He borrowed a hooked stick of his devotee, the blacksmith, and walked off with his little bundle over his shoulder, in high health and spirits, and ripe for anything.

Some successful men are so stout-hearted, their minds seem never to flinch. Others are elastic; they give way, and appear crushed; but, let the immediate pressure be removed, they fly back again, and their enemy

finds he has not gained an inch. Henry's was of this sort; and, as he swung along through the clear brisk air, the world seemed his football once more.

This same morning Jael Dence was to go to Cairnhope, at her own request.

She packed her box, and corded it, and brought it down herself, and put it in the passage, and the carrier was to call for it at one. As for herself, four miles of omnibus, and the other seven on foot, was child's play to her, whose body was as lusty and active as her heart was tender and clinging.

She came in to the drawing-room, with her bonnet and shawl on, and the tear in her eye, to bid Miss Carden good-by. Two male friends would have parted in five minutes; but this pair were a wonderful time separating, and still there was always something to say, that kept Grace detaining, or Jael lingering; and, when she had been going, going, going, for more than half an hour, all of a sudden she cried out, "Oh! There he is!" and flushed all over.

"Who?" asked Grace, eagerly.

"The dark young man. He is at the door now, Miss.—And me going away," she faltered.

"Well then, why go till he has paid his visit? Sit down. You needn't take off your bonnet."

Miss Carden then settled herself, took up her work, and prepared to receive her preceptor as he deserved, an intention she conveyed to Jael by a glance, just as Henry entered, blooming with exercise and the keen air, and looking extremely handsome and happy.

His reception was a chilling bow from Miss Carden, and from Jael a cheek blushing with pleasure at the bare sight of him, but an earnest look of mild reproach. It seemed cruel of him to stay away so long, and then come just as she was going.

This reception surprised Henry, and disappointed him; however he constrained himself, and said politely, but rather coldly, that some unpleasant circumstances had kept him away; but he hoped now to keep his time better.

"Oh, pray consult your own convenience entirely," said Miss Carden. "Come, when you have nothing better to do; that is the understanding."
"I should be always coming at that rate."

Grace took no notice. "Would you like to see how I look with my one eyebrow?" said she. "Jael, please fetch it."

While Jael was gone for the bust, Henry took a humbler tone, and in a low voice began to excuse his absence; and I think he would have told the real truth, if he had been encouraged a little; but he was met with a cold and withering assurance that it was a matter of no consequence. Henry thought this unfair, and, knowing in his own heart it was ungrateful, he rebelled. He bit his lip, sat down as gloomy as the grave, and resumed his work, silent and sullen.

As for Jael, she brought in the bust, and then sat down with her bonnet on, quaking; for she felt sure that, in such a dismal dearth of conversation, Miss Carden would be certain to turn round very soon, and say, "Well, Jael, you can go now."

But this Quaker's meeting was interrupted by a doctor looking in to prescribe for Miss Carden's cold. The said cold was imperceptible to vulgar eyes, but Grace had detected it, and had written to her friend, Dr. Amboyne, to come and make it as imperceptible to herself as to the spectator.

In rolled the Doctor, and was not a little startled at sight of Little.

"Hallo!" cried he. "What, cured already? Cairnhope for ever!" He then proceeded to feel his pulse instead of Miss Carden's, and inspect his eye, at which Grace Carden stared.

"What, is he unwell?"

"Why, a man does not get blown up with gunpowder without some little disturbance of the system."

"Blown up with gunpowder! What *do* you mean?"

"What, have you not heard about it? Don't you read the newspapers?"

"No; never."

"Merciful powers! But has he not told you?"

"No; he tells us nothing."

"Then I'll tell you. It is of no use your making faces at me. There is no earthly reason why *she* should be kept in the dark. These Hillsborough trades want to drive this young man out of the town: why—is too long and intricate for you to follow. He resists this tyranny, gently, but firmly."

"I'd resist it furiously," said Grace.

"The consequence is, they wrote him several threatening letters; and, at last, some caitiff put gunpowder into his forge; it exploded, and blew him out of a second-floor window."

"Oh! oh!" screamed Grace Carden and Jael; and by one womanly impulse they both put their hands before their faces, as if to shut out the horrible picture.

"What is that for?" said the Doctor. "You see he is all right now. But, I promise you, he cut a very different figure when I saw him directly afterwards; he was scorched as black as a coal——"

"Oh, Doctor, don't; pray don't. Oh, sir, why did you not tell me?"

"And his face bleeding," continued the merciless Doctor.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" And the sweet eyes were turned, all swimming in water, upon Henry, with a look of angelic pity.

"His nerves were terribly shaken, but there were no bones broken. I said to myself, 'He must sleep or go mad, and he will not sleep in the town that has blown him up.' I just drove the patient off to peace and pure air, and confided him to one of the best creatures in England—Martha Dence."

Jael uttered an exclamation of wonder, which drew attention to her and her glowing cheeks.

"Oh yes, Miss Jael," said Henry, "I was going to tell you. I have been a fortnight with your people, and, if I live a hundred years, I shall never forget their goodness to me. God bless them."

"'Twas the least they could do," said Jael, softly.

"What a pity you are going out. I should have liked to talk to you about your father, and Martha, and George the blacksmith. Doctor, who would live in a town after Cairnhope?"

Jael's fingers trembled at her bonnet-strings, and, turning a look of piteous supplication on Grace, she faltered out, "If you please, Miss, might I stay over to-day?"

"Of course. And then he will tell you all about your people, and that will do just as well as you going to see them; and better."

Off came Jael's bonnet with wonderful celerity.

"Get the whole story out of him," said Dr. Amboyne. "It is well worth your attention. As for me, I must go as soon as I have prescribed for you. What is the matter?"

"The matter is that there's nothing the matter; prescribe for that. And that I'm a goose—prescribe for that—and don't read the newspapers; prescribe for that."

"Well, then, I prescribe the *Hillsborough Liberal*. It has drawn a strong picture of this outrage, and shown its teeth to the trades. And, if I might advise a lady of your age and experience, I would say, in future always read the newspapers. They are, compared with books, what machinery is compared with hand-labour. But, in this one instance, go to the fountain-head, and ask Mr. Henry Little there, to tell you his own tragedy, with all the ins and outs."

"Ah! if he would," said Grace, turning her eyes on Henry. "But he is not so communicative to poor us. Is he, Jael?"

"No, Miss."

"He never even told us his name. Did he, Jael?"

"No, Miss. He is very close."

"Open him then," said the Doctor. "Come, come, there are a pair of you; and evidently disposed to act in concert; if you cannot turn a man inside out, I disown you; you are a discredit to your sex." He then shook hands with all three of them, and rolled away.

"Jael," said Miss Carden, "oblige me by ringing the bell."

A servant entered.

"Not at home to any human creature," said the young lady.

The servant retired.

"And, if they see me at the window, all the worse—for *them*. Now, Mr. Little?"

Henry complied, and told the whole story, with the exception of the threat to his sweetheart; and passed two delightful hours. Who is so devoid of egotism as not to like to tell his own adventures, to sympa-

thizing beauty? He told it in detail, and even read them portions of the threatening letters; and, as he told it, their lovely eyes seemed on fire; and they were red, and pale, by turns. He told it, like a man, with dignity, and sobriety, and never used an epithet. It was Miss Carden who supplied the "Monsters!" "Villains!" "Cowards!" "Wretches!" at due intervals. And once she started from her seat, and said she could not bear it. "I see through it all," she cried. "That Jobson is a hypocrite; and he is at the bottom of it all. I hate him; and Parkin worse. As for the assassin, I hope God, who saw him, will punish him. What I want to do is to kill Jobson and Parkin, one after another; kill them—kill them—kill them—I'll tell papa."

As for Jael, she could not speak her mind, but she panted heavily, and her fingers worked convulsively, and clutched themselves very tight at last.

When he had done his narrative, he said sadly, "I despise these fellows as much as you do; but they are too many for me. I am obliged to leave Hillsborough."

"What, let the wretches drive you away? I would never do that—if I was a man."

"What would you do then?" asked Henry, his eye sparkling.

"Do? Why fight them; and beat them; and kill them. It is not as if they were brave men. They are only cunning cowards. I'd meet cunning with cunning. I'd out-wit them somehow. I'd change my lodging every week, and live at little inns and places. I'd lock up every thing I used, as well as the rooms. I'd consult wiser heads, the Editor of the *Liberal*, and the Head of the police. I'd carry fire-arms, and have a body-guard, night and day; but they should never say they had frightened me out of Hillsborough—if I was a man."

"You are right," cried Henry. "I'll do all you advise me, and I won't be driven out of this place. I love it. I'll live in it, or I'll die in it. I'll never leave it."

This was almost the last word that passed this delightful afternoon, when the sense of her own past injustice, the thrilling nature of the story told by the very sufferer, and, above all, the presence and the undisguised emotion of another sympathizing woman, thawed Grace Carden's reserve, warmed her courage, and carried her, quite unconsciously, over certain conventional bounds, which had, hitherto, been strictly observed in her intercourse with this young workman.

Henry himself felt that this day was an era in his love. When he left the door, he seemed to tread on air. He walked to the first cab-stand, took a conveyance to his mother's door, and soon he was locked in her arms.

She had been fretting for hours at his delay; but she never let him know it. The whole place was full of preparations for his comfort, and certain delicacies he liked were laid out on a little sideboard, and the tea-things set, including the silver teapot, used now on high occasions only.

She had a thousand questions to ask, and he to answer. And, while he ate, the poor woman leaned back, and enjoyed seeing him eat; and, while he talked, her fine eyes beamed with maternal joy. She revelled deliciously in his health, his beauty, and his safe return to her; and thought, with gentle complacency, that they should soon return to London together.

In the morning, she got out a large light box, and said, "Harry, dear, I suppose I may as well begin to pack up. You know I take longer than you do."

Henry blushed. "Pack up?" said he, hesitatingly. "We are not going away."

"Not going away, love? Why you agreed to leave, on account of those dreadful unions."

"Oh, I was ill, and nervous, and out of spirits; but the air of Cairnhope has made a man of me. I shall stay here, and make our fortune."

"But the air of Cairnhope has not made you friends with the unions." She seemed to reflect a moment, then asked him at what time he had left Cairnhope.

"Eleven o'clock."

"Ah! And who did you visit before you came to me?"

"You question me like a child, mother."

"Forgive me, dear. I will answer my own question. You called on some one who gave you bad advice."

"Oh, did I?"

"On some woman."

"Say a lady."

"What does that matter to me?" cried Mrs. Little, wildly. "They are all my enemies. And this one is yours. It is a woman, who is not your mother, for she thinks more of herself than of you."

CHAPTER VII.

HENRY had now to choose between his mother's advice and Miss Carden's commands; and this made him rather sullen and irritable. He was glad to get out of his mother's house, and went direct to the works. Bayne welcomed him warmly, and, after some friendly congratulations and inquiries, pulled out two files of journals, and told him he had promised to introduce him to the Editor of the *Liberal*. He then begged Henry to wait in the office, and read the files—he would not be gone many minutes.

The *Constitutional* gave a dry narrative of the outrage, and mourned the frequency of such incidents.

The *Liberal* gave a dramatic narrative, and said the miscreant must have lowered himself by a rope from the parapet, and passed the powder inside without entering. "He perilled his life to perpetrate this crime; and he also risked penal servitude for ten years. That he was not deterred by the double risk, proves the influence of some powerful motive; and that motive must have been either a personal feud of a very virulent kind, or else trade fanaticism. From this alternative there is no escape."

Next day, both journals recorded a trade-meeting at "The Rising Sun." Delegates from the Edge-Tool Forgers' Union, and the Edge-Tool Handlers' Union, with some other representatives of Hillsborough unions, were present, and passed a resolution repudiating, with disgust, the outrage that had been recently committed, and directed their secretaries to offer a reward of twenty pounds, the same to be paid to any person who would give such information as should lead to the discovery of the culprit.

On this the *Constitutional* commented as follows:—"Although we never for a moment suspected these respectable unions of conniving at this enormity, yet it is satisfactory to find them, not merely passive spectators, but exerting their energy, and spending their money, in a praiseworthy endeavour to discover and punish the offenders."

Henry laid down the paper, and his heart felt very warm to Jobson and Parkin. "Come," said he, "I am glad of that. They are not half a bad sort, those two, after all."

Then he took up the *Liberal*, and, being young and generous, felt disgusted at its comment:—

"This appears very creditable to the two unions in question. But, unfortunately, long experience proves that these small rewards never lead to any discovery. They fail so invariably, that the unions do not risk a shilling by proffering them. In dramatic entertainments the tragedy is followed by a farce: and so it is with these sanguinary crimes in Hillsborough; they are always followed by repudiation, and offers of a trumpety reward quite disproportionate to the offence, and the only result of the farce is to divert attention from the true line of inquiry as to who enacted the tragedy. The mind craves novelty, and perhaps these delegates will indulge that desire by informing us for once, what was the personal and Corsican feud which led—as they would have us believe—to this outrage; and will, at the same time, explain to us why these outrages with gunpowder have never, either in this or in any preceding case, attacked any but non-union men."

When Henry had read thus far, the writer of the leader entered the room with Mr. Bayne.

A gentleman not above the middle height, but with a remarkable chest, both broad and deep; yet he was not unwieldy, like Doctor Amboyne, but clean-built, and symmetrical. An agreeable face, with one remarkable

feature, a mouth full of iron resolution, and a slight humorous dimple at the corners.

He shook hands with Henry, and said, "I wish to ask you a question or two, in the way of business : but first let me express my sympathy, as a man, and my detestation of the ruffians, that have so nearly victimized you."

This was very hearty, and Henry thanked him, with some emotion. "But, sir," said he, "if I am to reply to your questions, you must promise me you will never publish my name."

"It is on account of his mother," whispered Bayne.

"Yes, sir. It was her misfortune to lose my father by a violent death, and of course you may imagine——"

"Say no more," said Mr. Holdfast : "your name shall not appear. And—let me see—does your mother know you work here?"

"Yes, she does."

"Then we had better keep Cheetham's name out as well."

"Oh, thank you, sir, thank you. Now I'll answer any questions you like."

"Well, then, I hear this outrage was preceded by several letters. Could I see them?"

"Certainly. I carry mine always in my pocket, for fear my poor mother should see them : and, Mr. Bayne, you have got Cheetham's."

In another minute the whole correspondence was on the table, and Mr. Holdfast laid it out in order, like a map, and went through it, taking notes. "What a comedy," said he. "All but the denouement. Now, Mr. Bayne, can any other manufacturers show me a correspondence of this kind?"

"Is there one that can't? There isn't a power-wheel, or a water-wheel, within eight miles of Hillsborough, that can't show you just such a correspondence as this ; and rattening, or worse, at the tail of it."

Mr. Holdfast's eye sparkled like a diamond. "I'll make the round," said he. "And, Mr. Little, perhaps you will be kind enough to go with me, and let me question you, on the road. I have no sub-editor ; no staff ; I carry the whole journal on my head. Every day is a hard race between Time and me, and not a minute to spare."

Mr. Cheetham was expected at the works this afternoon : so Henry, on leaving Mr. Holdfast, returned to them, and found him there with Bayne, looking, disconsolately, over a dozen orders for carving-tools.

"Glad to see you again, my lad," said Cheetham. "Why, you look all the better."

"I'm none the worse, sir."

"Come to take your balance and leave me?" This was said half plaintively, half crossly.

"If you wish it, sir."

"Not I. How is it to be?"

"Well, sir, I say to you what you said to me the other day, Stick to me, and I'll stick to you."

"I'll stick to you."

Bayne held up his hands piteously to them both.

"What, sir?" faltered he, turning to Cheetham, "after all your experience!" then to Henry, "What, fight the trades, after the lesson they have given you!"

"I'll fight them all the more for that," said Henry, grinding his teeth; "fight them till all is blue."

"So will I. That for the trades!"

"Heaven help you both!" groaned Bayne, and looked the picture of despair.

"You promised me shutters, with a detonator, sir."

"Ay, but you objected."

"That was before they blew me up."

"Just so. Shutters shall be hung to-morrow: and the detonators I'll fix myself."

"Thank you, sir. Would you mind engaging a watchman?"

"Hum? Not—if you will share the expense."

"I'll pay one-third."

"Why should I pay two-thirds? It is not like shutters and Bramah locks: they are property. However, he'll be good against rattening; and you have lost a fortnight, and there are a good many orders. Give me a good day's work, and we won't quarrel over the watchman." He then inquired, rather nervously, whether there was anything more.

"No, sir; we are agreed. And I'll give you good work, and full time."

The die was cast, and now he must go home and face his mother. For the first time this many years he was half afraid to go near her. He dreaded remonstrances and tears: tears that he could not dry; remonstrances that would worry him, but could not shake him.

This young man, who had just screwed his physical courage up to defy the redoubtable unions, had a fit of moral cowardice, and was so reluctant to encounter the gentlest woman in England, that he dined at a chop-house, and then sauntered into a music-hall, and did not get home till past ten, meaning to say a few kind, hurried words, then yawn, and slip to bed.

But, meantime, Mrs. Little's mind had not been idle. She had long divined a young rival in her son's heart, and many a little pang of jealousy had traversed her own. This morning, with a quickness which may seem remarkable to those, who have not observed the watchful keenness of maternal love, she had seen that her rival had worked upon Henry to resign his declared intention of leaving Hillsborough. Then she had felt her way, and, in a moment, she had found the younger woman was the stronger.

She assumed, as a matter of course, that this girl was in love with

Henry, (who would not be in love with him?) and had hung, weeping, round his neck, when he called from Cairnhope to bid her farewell, and had made him promise to stay. This was the mother's theory; wrong, but rational.

Then came the question, What should she do? Fight against youth and nature? Fight, unlikely to succeed, sure to irritate and disturb. Risk any of that rare affection and confidence her son had always given her?

While her thoughts ran this way, seven o'clock came, and no Henry. Eight o'clock, no Henry. "Ah!" thought the mother, "that one word of mine has had this effect already."

She prepared an exquisite little supper. She made her own toilet with particular care; and, when all was ready, she sat down and comforted herself by reading his letters, and comparing his love with the cavalier behaviour of many sons in this island, the most unfilial country in Europe.

At half past ten Henry came up the stairs, not with the usual light elastic tread, but with slow, hesitating foot. Her quick ear caught that too, and her gentle bosom yearned. What, had she frightened him? He opened the door, and she rose to receive him, all smiles. "You are rather late, dear," she said; "but all the better. It has given me an excuse for reading your dear letters all over again; and I have a thousand questions to ask you about Cairnhope. But sit down first, and have your supper."

Henry brightened up, and ate a good supper, and his mother plied him with questions, all about Cairnhope.

Here was an unexpected relief. Henry took a superficial view of all this. Sharp young men of twenty-four understand a great many things; but they can't quite measure their mothers yet.

Henry was selfishly pleased, but not ungrateful, and they passed a pleasant and affectionate time: and, as for leaving Hillsborough, the topic was avoided by tacit consent.

Next morning, after this easy victory, Henry took a cab and got to "Woodbine Villa," by a circuitous route. His heart beat high as he entered the room where Grace was seated. After the extraordinary warmth and familiarity she had shown him at the last interview, he took for granted he had made a lasting progress in her regard.

But she received him with a cold and distant manner, that quite benumbed him. Grace Carden's face and manner were so much more expressive than other people's, that you could never mistake or doubt the mood she was in; and this morning she was freezing.

The fact is, Miss Carden had been tormenting herself: and, when Beauty suffers, it is very apt to make others suffer as well.

"I am glad you are come, Mr. Little," said she, "for I have been taking myself to task ever since, and I blame myself very much for some things I said. In the first place, it was not for me" (here the fair speaker coloured up to the temples,) "to interfere in your affairs at all: and

then, if I must take such a liberty, I ought to have advised you sensibly, and for your good. I have been asking people, and they all tell me it is madness for one person to fight against these unions. Everybody gets crushed. So now let me hope you will carry out your wise intention, and leave Hillsborough; and then my conscience will be at ease."

Every word fell like an icicle on her hearer's heart. To please this cold, changeful creature, he had settled to defy the unchangeable unions, and had been ready to resist his mother, and slight her immortal and unchanging love.

"You don't answer me, sir!" said Miss Carden, with an air of lofty surprise.

"I answered you yesterday," said he, sullenly. "A man can't chop and change like a weathercock."

"But it is not changing, it's only going back to your own intention. You know you were going to leave Hillsborough, before I talked all that nonsense. Your story had set me on fire, and that's my only excuse. Well, now the same person takes the liberty to give you wise and considerate advice, instead of hot, and hasty, romantic nonsense. Which ought you to respect most—folly or reason—from the same lips?"

Henry seemed to reflect. "That sounds reasonable," said he; "but, when you advised me not to show the white feather, you spoke your heart; now, you are only talking from your head. Then, your beautiful eyes flashed fire, and your soul was in your words: who could resist them? And you spoke to me like a friend; now you speak to me like an enemy."

"Oh, Mr. Little, that is ridiculous."

"You do though. And I'm sure I don't know why."

"Nor I. Perhaps because I am cross with myself; certainly not with you."

"I am glad of that. Well, then, the long and the short is, you showed me you thought it cowardly to fly from the trades. You wouldn't, said you, if you were a man. Well, I'm a man; and I'll do as you would do in my place. I'll not throw my life away, I'll meet craft with craft, and force with force; but fly I never will. I'll fight while I've a leg to stand on."

With these words he began to work on the bust, in a quiet dogged way that was, nevertheless, sufficiently expressive.

Grace looked at him silently for half a minute, and then rose from her chair.

"Then," said she, "I must go for somebody of more authority than I am." She sailed out of the room.

Henry asked Jael who she was gone for.

"It will be her papa," said Jael.

"As if I care what he says."

"I wouldn't show *her* that, if I was you," said Jael, quietly, but with a good deal of weight.

"You are right," said Henry. "You are a good girl. I don't know which is the best, you or Martha. I say, I promised to go to Cairnhope some Sunday, and see them all. Shall I drive you over?"

"And bring me back at night?"

"If you like. I must come back."

"I'll ask Miss Carden."

The words were quiet and composed, but the blushing face beamed with unreasonable happiness; and Grace, who entered at that moment with her father, was quite struck with its eloquence; she half started, but took no further notice just then. "There, papa," said she, "this is Mr. Little."

Mr. Carden was a tall gentleman, with somewhat iron features, but a fine head of grey hair: rather an imposing personage; not the least pompous though; quite a man of the world, and took a business view of everything, matrimony, of course, included.

"Oh, this is Mr. Little, is it, whose work we all admire so much?"

"Yes, Papa."

"And whose adventure has made so much noise?"

"Yes, Papa."

"By-the-by, there is an article to-day on you: have you seen it? No? But you should see it; it is very smart. My dear," (to Jael,) "will you go to my study, and bring the *Liberal* here?"

"Yes, but meantime, I want you to advise him not to subject himself to more gunpowder and things, but to leave the town; that is all the wretches demand."

"And that," said Henry, with a sly deferential tone, "is a good deal to demand in a free country, is it not, sir?"

"Indeed it is. Ah, here comes the *Liberal*. Somebody read the article to us, while he works. I want to see how he does it."

Curiosity overpowered Grace's impatience, for a moment, and she read the notice out with undisguised interest.

"THE LAST OUTRAGE.

"In our first remarks upon this matter, we merely laid down an alternative which admits of no dispute; and, abstaining from idle conjectures, undertook to collect evidence. We have now had an interview with the victim of that abominable outrage. Mr. * is one of those superior workmen who embellish that class for a few years, but invariably rise above it, and leave it' (there—Mr. Little!)—'He has informed us that he is a stranger in Hillsborough, lives retired, never sits down in a public-house, and has not a single enemy in Hillsborough, great or small. He says that his life was saved by his fellow-workmen, and that as he lay scorched ——' (Oh dear!)"

"Well, go on, Grace."

"It is all very well to say go on, Papa —— 'scorched and bleeding on the ground, and unable to distinguish faces' (poor, poor Mr. Little!) 'he heard, on all sides of him, expressions of rugged sympathy; and sobs, and tears, from rough, but—man-ly fellows, who ——' (oh! oh! oh!)"

Grace could not go on for whimpering, and Jael cried, for company. Henry left off carving, and turned away his head, touched to the heart by this sweet and sudden sympathy.

"How badly you read," said Mr. Carden, and took the journal from her. He read in a loud business-like monotone, that, like some blessed balm, dried every tear. "'Manly fellows who never shed a tear before: this disposed of one alternative, and narrowed the inquiry. It was not a personal feud; therefore it was a trade outrage, or it was nothing. We now took evidence bearing on the inquiry thus narrowed; and we found the assault had been preceded by a great many letters, all of them breathing the spirit of Unionism, and none of them intimating a private wrong. These letters, taken in connection, are a literary curiosity; and we find there is scarcely a manufacturer in the place who has not endured a similar correspondence, and violence at the end of it. This curious chapter of the human mind really deserves a separate heading, and we introduce it to our readers as

"THE LITERATURE OF OUTRAGE."

"First of all comes a letter to the master intimating that he is doing something objectionable to some one of the many unions that go to make a single implement of hardware. This letter has three features. It is signed with a real name. It is polite. It is grammatical.

"If disregarded, it is speedily followed by another. No. 2 is grammatical, or thereabouts; but, under a feigned politeness, the insolence of a vulgar mind shows itself pretty plainly, and the master is reminded what he suffered on some former occasion when he rebelled against the trades. This letter is sometimes anonymous, generally pseudonymous.

"If this reminder of the past, and intimation of the future, is disregarded, the refractory master gets a missive, which begins with an affectation of coarse familiarity, and then rises, with a ludicrous bound, into brutal and contemptuous insolence. In this letter, grammar is flung to the winds, along with good manners; but spelling survives, by a miracle. Next comes a short letter, full of sanguinary threats, and written in, what we beg leave to christen, the Dash dialect, because, though used by at least three million people in England, and three thousand in Hillsborough, it can only be printed with blanks, the reason being simply this, that every sentence is measled with oaths and indecencies. These letters are also written phonetically, and, as the pronunciation, which directs the spelling, is all wrong, the double result is prodigious. Nevertheless, many of these pronunciations are ancient, and

were once universal. An antiquarian friend assures us the orthography of these blackguards, the scum of the nineteenth century, is wonderfully like that of a mediæval monk or baron.

“ ‘ When the correspondence has once descended to the Dash dialect, written phonetically, it never remounts towards grammar, spelling, or civilization ; and the next step in the business is rattening, or else beating, or shooting, or blowing-up the obnoxious individual by himself, or along with a houseful of people quite strange to the quarrel. Now, it is manifest to common sense, that all this is one piece of mosaic, and that the criminal act it all ends in is no more to be disconnected from the last letter, than the last letter from its predecessor, or letter 3 from letter 2. Here is a crime first gently foreshadowed, then grimly intimated, then directly threatened, then threatened in words that smell of blood and gunpowder, and then—done. The correspondence and the act reveal—

The various talents, but the single mind.

“ ‘ In face of this evidence, furnished by themselves, the trades’ unions, some member of which has committed this crime, will do well to drop the worn-out farce of offering a trumpety reward, and to take a direct and manly course. They ought to accept Mr. *’s preposterously liberal offer, and admit him to the two unions, and thereby disown the criminal act in the form most consolatory to the sufferer ; or else they should face the situation, and say, “ This act was done under our banner, though not by our order, and we stand by it.” The *Liberal* will continue to watch the case.’ ”

“ This will be a pill,” said Mr. Carden, laying down the paper.
“ Why, they call the *Liberal* the workman’s advocate.”

“ Yes, Papa,” said Grace ; “ but how plainly he shows—— But Mr. Little is a stranger, and even this terrible lesson has not —— So do pray advise him.”

“ I should be very happy ; but, when you are my age, you will know it is of little use intruding advice upon people.”

“ Oh, Mr. Little will treat it with proper respect, coming from one so much older than himself, and better acquainted with this wretched town. Will you not, Mr. Little ? ” said she, with so cunning a sweetness that the young fellow was entrapped, and assented, before he knew what he was about ; then coloured high at finding himself committed.

Mr. Carden reflected a moment. He then said, “ I can’t take upon myself to tell any man to give up his livelihood. But one piece of advice I can conscientiously give Mr. Little.”

“ Yes, Papa.”

“ And that is—TO INSURE HIS LIFE.”

“ Oh, Papa ! ” cried Grace.

As for Henry he was rather amused, and his lip curled satirically.

But the next moment he happened to catch sight of Jael Dence’s face : her grey eyes were expanded with a look of uneasiness ; and, directly she

caught his eye she fixed it, and made him a quick movement of the head, directing him to assent.

There was something so clear and decided in the girl's manner, that it overpowered Henry, who had no very clear idea to oppose to it, and he actually obeyed the nod of this girl, whom he had hitherto looked on as an amiable simpleton.

"I have no objection to that," said he, turning to Mr. Carden. Then, after another look at Jael, he said, demurely, "Is there any insurance office you could recommend?"

Mr. Carden smiled. "There is only one I have a right to recommend, and that is the 'Gosshawk.' I am a director. But," said he, with sudden stiffness, "I could furnish you with the names of many others."

Henry saw his way clear by this time. "No, sir, if I profit by your advice, the least I can do is to choose the one you are a director of."

Grace, who had latterly betrayed uneasiness and irritation, now rose, red as fire. "The conversation is taking a turn I did not at all intend," said she, and swept out of the room with royal disdain.

Her father apologized carelessly for her tragical exit. "That is a young lady who detests business; but she does not object to its fruits,—dresses, lace, footmen, diamonds, and a carriage to drive about in. On the contrary, she would be miserable without them."

"I should hope she never will be without them, sir."

"I'll take care of that."

Mr. Carden said this rather drily, and then retired for a minute; and Grace, who was not far off, with an ear like a hare, came back soon after.

But in the meantime Henry left his seat and went to Jael, and, leaning over her as she worked, said, "There is more in that head of yours than I thought."

"Oh, they all talk before me," said Jael, blushing faintly, and avoiding his eye.

"Jael Dence," said the young man, warmly, "I'm truly obliged to you."

"What for?"

"For your good advice. I didn't see how good it was till after I had taken it."

"I'm afraid Miss Grace gave you better."

"She advised me against my heart. What is the use of that?"

"Ay, young men are wilful."

"Come, come, don't you go back. You are my friend and counsellor."

"That is something," said Jael, in a low voice; and her hands trembled at her side.

"Why, my dear girl, what's the matter?"

"Hush! hush!"

Wallenstein and His Times.

PART I.

No movement ever became really formidable until the pith of it had been thrown into half-a-dozen words, comprehensible by the popular mind, and, more essential still, agreeable to the popular ear. It was neither Pope Urban, nor Peter the Hermit, nor the cruelties of the Turks, nor yet the sufferings of the pilgrims, but the two words—"Deus vult"—that made the Crusades a great success. It was John Ball's jingle—"When Adam delved," and so forth, rather than fendal tyranny, that gathered rebellion 60,000 strong after Wat Tyler. A similar rhyme was as mischievous to France in the matter of the Jacquerie. And an old shoe on the end of a stick—"Bundschuh"—with a suitable refrain, never failed to rouse the German peasantry against their mediæval lords and masters. Luther was much benefited in his times by these popular catchwords; and the same may be said of all other revolutionists, not forgetting our own, who distinguished themselves in 1688 by shaping a spell of might out of such unpromising materials as "warming-pans and wooden shoes." Conspicuous among these fire-raising sentences was the one left as a legacy to the world in general, and to Germany in particular, by the Diet which sat at Augsburg in 1555: "*Cujus regio, ejus religio*"—or as it may be Englished, "whence the lead, thence the creed"—said the sages who deliberated there. And the apophthegm was so much to the taste of the ruling classes that it became for many a long day their favourite maxim. Thenceforward, whenever the prince thought fit to discard recognized doctrines and adopt new ones, the people were compelled to follow the august example, with the very mild alternative of emigration to a land—if any such existed—wherein their opinions might chance for the time to be fashionable at court. We had several samples of the working of the *Cujus Regio* in these islands; but not nearly so many as some of our neighbours. In the Palatinate, for instance, the people were left pretty much to themselves, so far as religious matters went, up to 1560. But in that year, the Elector Frederick took it into his head to embrace strict Calvinism, and for the next sixteen years nothing else was tolerated. There was some putting to death, a good deal of imprisoning, and plenty of emigration during his time in the Palatinate. Nor did these things cease with his death. His successor, Louis, proved just as ardent and intolerant in the cause of Lutheranism, and spent the whole of his reign in turning things topsy-turvy again after the fashion set by Frederick. This was not pleasant for the people, and, unfortunately, it was not all.

In 1585 came another stern Calvinistic ruler, and a third vigorous illustration of the Cujus Regio. And precisely similar things went on in all directions among the hundred and odd independencies of the "Fatherland."

This was terribly demoralizing to everybody. The people, habituated to change one set of principles at word of command, became indifferent to all; at the same time the scenes of suffering, which persecution accumulated daily before their eyes, could not but render them hard and ferocious. Nor were the clergy any better off. The Cujus Regio, in conjunction with the intense competition that then existed between rival creeds, compelled these gentlemen to make things as pleasant as possible between royal crime and royal conscience; and, therefore, when at all anxious for the worldly prosperity of their respective creeds, they had really no alternative but to ignore their leading principles. But it was the character of the rulers that suffered most of all. Pampered as they were, they soon learned to consider anything and everything a fair excuse for pulling off old opinions and putting on new ones. Some did so out of mere whim; others, impelled by ambition; that one because he had suffered a disappointment, this one because he had been insulted; Gebbhard Truchses on account of a pretty face, and the Prince of Neuburg, stimulated by a box on the ear, received during a drinking-bout from his intended father-in-law, the Elector of Brandenburg. And princely morality suffered at least as much from the Cujus Regio as princely consistence.

Thanks to it, one "religious and gracious" prince could indulge with impunity in polygamy; another in profane swearing and foul expressions generally; a third in debasing the coinage; and so on, until the lesser degrees of vice became absolutely meritorious in sovereigns by comparison. "Louis of Würtemberg, whose virtues rendered him the darling of his people, was everlastingly drunk," writes Menzel; and though the eulogium may appear rather a queer one to us of the nineteenth century, who have lost the faculty of harmonizing brilliant merit with habitual intoxication, yet a eulogium, and a strong one, it really was, and still remains, when applied to a character of 250 years ago.

These were the times that formed the character of the subject of our paper.

The biography of Albert Wincelaus Eusebius Wallenstein for the first eighteen years of his life may be summed up in three lines. He was born in 1583,—a Bohemian gentleman and a Protestant. Left an orphan at thirteen, he was bandied about among his relatives until a Catholic uncle sent him to the Jesuit seminary at Olmütz, where, of course, he was converted. He next became a page in a noble household; and, so far, that is all we know of him. Anecdote-mongers, indeed, have spared his youth just as little as that of other celebrities. But as they have localized their pretty legends in this instance at places which Wallenstein never visited at all, or only much later on in life, we are justified in disregarding them.

The moment he began to mix with men, Wallenstein stood out in bold relief from the crowd. Not that his character was a brilliant one. He displayed none of that fatal dexterity of hand and brain which, giving youth a notion that it can do everything, wastes the best years of life in attempting a hundred things, and leaves maturity with a wretched incapacity for anything. From the very first Wallenstein rendered himself conspicuous by a massive will, and an all-absorbing purpose. Desultory achievements and mere showy exploits he detested. But he never shrank from *anything* that tended to help him to his object. Power was his passion, and he soon found that wealth was the principal element of power. But at nineteen or twenty he was not a very wealthy gentleman. Accordingly he looked about to find the readiest means of becoming a millionaire. Now every age has its own short and easy method of growing rich, and that of 260 years ago was Alchemy. To this study, then, Wallenstein at once, and most heartily, devoted himself. Nor was the twin science Astrology neglected: for it is your intense ambition, rather than overpowering love or withering hate, that burns to pry into the future. He commenced these studies at college, and he continued them during that indispensable promenade, the Grand Tour, carrying with him the renowned adept, Verdengus, and consulting all the more celebrated alchemists of Europe on the way. He even paused for months at Padua to take full advantage of the unrivalled occult attainments of Professor Argoli. And he returned to Vienna enough of an astrologer to pit his science on occasion against that of the masters of the craft. He had not, indeed, succeeded in his great object, and learnt to make gold; but he had acquired much skill in imitating the metal: and a day came when this accomplishment proved a very good substitute for the other. That, however, was not yet; and, alchemist and astrologer though he was, Wallenstein did not appear likely to be any the wealthier unless he turned charlatan outright,—a lucrative profession certainly, but rather less dignified than that of court fool, unless it happened to shelter under the skirts of the respectable 'ologies, and Wallenstein had mastered none of these. So he did what many another ambitious youth has done under similar circumstances—looked up a wealthy widow and married her; not without some trouble, though, for he encountered a formidable rival in a certain dashing soldier—Cratz. We are sorry contemporaries have left us no details of this rivalry—nothing to throw light on the wooing of Wallenstein—which is a pity, for the story would certainly have been amusing. The dame, Lucretia von Laudich, though well stricken in years, was greatly given to patronizing the knaves who then, even more than now, dealt in medicaments for renovating beauty and exciting affection; and, therefore, must have been as ultra-sentimental in the matter as Wallenstein was business-like. Of the two, Cratz was assuredly the more likely to prevail in such a contest, and, therefore, curiosity must regret that gossips have omitted to record how Wallenstein managed to get the better of him. Be this as it may, the lady proved a very exacting, troublesome, and jealous wife, nearly killing her husband on one occasion

by administering a love-potion ! But in 1614 she died, and left him her whole fortune, consisting of a large sum in ready cash, and sundry estates in Bohemia and Moravia. Free to follow the impulses of ambition, Wallenstein made good use of his wealth, raising a regiment of cavalry at his own expense, and distinguishing himself in sundry campaigns, as well he might, considering that in those days there never was any lack of hard blows in the Holy Roman Empire. Rapidly acquiring court favour, he was created a baron, and appointed Governor of Moravia, somewhere in 1616. There, too, he distinguished himself ; but it was by such extraordinary rapacity as to create quite a scandal—even at the corrupt court of Vienna. Summoned thither to vindicate himself, he made his first great proof of the wonder-working power of gold. By dint of hard bribing, spending ten thousand pounds in the process, he was acquitted and relegated to his government, where he remained, still money-grubbing, till the close of 1618.

Meanwhile the *Cujus Regio* as practised by the house of Habsburg was arranging the materials for a mighty conflagration. Family quarrels, and the interpolation of a couple of tolerant princes, had rendered that line of sovereigns the very last to begin. But when they did set to work it was in downright earnest. And it must be confessed that they had quite sufficient to tax all their energies, for the Reformation had made extraordinary progress in their dominions. The southern provinces were soon dragooned back to the old faith ; then Austria had its turn ; and, finally, Hungary. There were many peasant revolts the while, and one or two formidable rebellions. But these were all put down, partly by open force and merciless cruelty, and partly by vile treachery and merciless cruelty ; for, somehow or other, cruelty was the inseparable adjunct of whatever instrument their exigencies compelled the Habsburgs to adopt. Up to 1617 Bohemia, that stronghold of Reformation, had remained comparatively undisturbed. That kingdom, therefore, was thronged with refugees. But in the year just named Ferdinand of Gratz, the originator and chief supporter of Austrian persecution, was recognized as heir to the various crowns of the family ; and the Emperor Mathias being old and broken in health and spirit, he at once assumed the direction of affairs. This roused the refugees, who hated him with the concentrated malice of bigots, exiles, and ruined men. Led by that magnificent demagogue, the subtle, daring, and eloquent Count Thurn—a man who loved to fish in troubled waters, but still more to rouse the storm that was to trouble them—they intrigued, plotted, and harangued with all the restless energy of vengeance, to excite the Bohemians against their prince. Nor was this a difficult task. The fiery wars waged by Hussites and Romanists were little more than a century old, and the animosities engendered thereby were still at a good red heat. Besides, the hurricane struggle of creed against creed, not yet over in France or the Netherlands, was ready to break out at any moment along the Rhine, where, banded under rival leagues, Reformer and Romanist stood front to front, with the trumpet

at the lip and the sword half drawn. This was exciting; but this was not all. The doings of Jesuit and Habsbourgher had, for many a day, alarmed the Bohemians, and warned them in unmistakable terms to prepare for a similar conflict. And though as yet all was calm within that ancient kingdom, it was the ominous calm—the thrilling pause—the five minutes of unutterable anxiety that precedes the rush of battle. There can be no question that Ferdinand intended, sooner or later, to deal with the Bohemians as he had already dealt with Styrians, Austrians, and Hungarians. And there can be just as little question that he was brought in collision with them far sooner than he wished, and long before he was ready. It was thus the matter befell:—Precisely at the perilous juncture no less than two Protestant communities took the liberty of building their churches on Roman Catholic abbey-lands without the consent of the trustees. The latter naturally demurred, and a quarrel began that soon interested a dozen nations, and ended by involving Europe in the terrible Thirty Years' War. It must be allowed that, in an artistic point of view, there have been few prettier squabbles than this. Contradictory as they were, both the parties to it were decidedly and legally in the right! By Article VI. of the "Majestäts Brief"—a sort of Magna Charta granted to the Bohemians in 1609—the Protestants were empowered to build churches "in towns, villages, or elsewhere, without hindrance or molestation." The Catholics, on the other hand, according to the well-known *Cujus Regio*, were perfectly justified in preserving their faith intact within the limits of their own domains. This was just the sort of dilemma between whose horns a school-man would have delighted to pin an adversary. But the Bohemians unfortunately were too impassioned to appreciate its beauties, otherwise undoubtedly they would have borrowed our Chancery Court, as a sort of shrine, wherein to preserve it for the admiration of future ages. The thing, of course, was referred to Vienna, while millions looked eagerly on. Not the least interested were the refugees; but they were something more than mere spectators. Under their direction numerous insolent petitions were concocted and despatched to court by still more insolent bearers: until Ferdinand and his advisers were goaded into arresting the deputies, and ordering the demolition of the buildings—precisely as Thurn and his confederates desired. Of course all good Bohemians were furious at the conduct of the court, and equally, of course, the refugees took care to improve the occasion. Indignation meetings were gathered, speeches made, and pamphlets disseminated, all tending to increase the universal excitement. Among other measures a monster meeting was convened at Prague to consider the situation. It met on the 23rd of May, 1618, and a memorable affair it proved.

And here we must pause to notice one of the amiable privileges which certain municipalities arrogated in the days of old. It was this,—whenver their magistrates happened to displease them, the burghers were given to flinging them headlong from the windows of the Rathhaus, or Town

Hall. So that the cry, "Down with So-and-So," vague as it is just now, was tolerably intelligible in the middle ages. The custom, of course, had an origin; but that is a matter of dispute. It is sufficiently like a trait of the ancient Romans to justify ardent classics in attributing it to them. And it is not so unlike a practice of the still older Hebrews to deter those, who delight in tracing every good thing up to that people, from assigning it to their favourites. Indeed, those who exercised the privilege last appear to have been of this opinion, for they justified their conduct by a pertinent allusion to the fate of Jezebel. To our mind, however, the thing seems to have been neither more nor less than hanging in embryo. It certainly wanted nothing of that operation but—the rope. Be the origin, however, what it may, the thing itself was sufficiently common. In this way the weavers of Louvain disposed of no less than seventeen of their magistrates in 1382; thus, too, the citizens of Breslau dealt with the whole body of their town-councillors in 1420; and thus the good people of Vienna got rid of their obnoxious burgomaster and syndics in 1461. Traces of the same pleasant custom may be met with in the records and in the civic architecture of Nuremberg, Augsburg, Dantzic, and half a hundred other places. But it was at Prague that defenestration, as they called it, was practised in all its glory. And not without sufficient reason. No other mediæval city was half so well qualified to assert the privilege, or so admirably adapted to exercise it. Prague was tenanted by various races—conquering and conquered. These, of course, hated one another devoutly, and took the utmost pains to preserve intact their several barbarous dialects and conflicting usages. And from the days of Huss and Zisca downwards bitter religious animosities were superadded to the other choice elements of discord. Besides, the city was always thronged by thousands of students—sturdy fellows all—who delighted in a riot. And, as if to give full scope to the defenestrating proclivities of this turbulent mass, the place was divided into three different municipalities, each with its separate Rathhaus. The course of time had taught the magistrates of most other old German towns to neutralize this custom very considerably, by providing secret outlets from the council-chamber, specimens of which may be noticed at Ratisbon and other places to this very day. But the citizens of Prague were not to be defrauded of their rights in this scurvy fashion. They could not, indeed, prevent the excavation of such rat-holes; but they took good care to render them nearly useless, by placing the council-chamber at the very top of the Rathhaus. Nor were the municipal dignitaries of Prague the only officials liable to this process. It was frequently extended to Ministers of State. At first the latter were generally precipitated from the Wyssehrad, a stronghold that crowns a precipice over the Moldau, to the south of the Neustadt; and where, by the way, during the mistiest times, a certain termagant, Queen Libussa, used to dispose of her innumerable lovers in the same way. In later days, however, these old battlements were exchanged for the windows of the council-chamber—the

"Green Room"—of the Hradschin, on the other side of the river. And the said chamber—still with a view to the privilege—was placed just under the roof, twenty-five good yards from the ground.

Peasant and paladin, the Bohemians gathered from all quarters; and on the appointed day a mighty throng covered Zisca's Berg to the top. There was no lack of stern feeling there, and no lack of exciting topics, nor of the skill to handle them, though the last was hardly requisite, for every object round teemed with recollections only too eloquent at such a crisis. An assembly like that could have but one result. What with stirring memories and fiery oratory, in an hour the multitude was ripe for any mischief—howling for an object whereon to vent its rage. And the tide of passion was taken as it rose. Down they poured—Thurn in front—to the Grosser Ring, in the centre of the Altstadt. There they defiled—clashing their iron flails or "tooth-picks," as they playfully called them, and shaking the town with their shouts—between the old Rathhaus, memorable for examples of Hussite vengeance, and the old Thien-Kirche, still more memorable as the scene of Zisca's eloquence: for the blind old warrior had been a very Boanerges in the pulpit. Thus refreshed, they resumed their tremendous promenade, thronging down the Plattuer Gasse, and over the old bridge, without much heeding St. John Nepomuk, or the twenty-seven other statues that graced its length. Thence they hurried, roaring and rushing like a winter torrent, through the devious windings of the Kleinsseite, to their goal, the Hradschin. The ministers were there already; but, though acquainted with the national excitement, and not unaware of the meeting and its dangerous character, there was not a single sentry posted to keep the door. It was only when the massive yell of universal revolt thundered up to their lofty chamber that they awoke to find themselves unguarded, unfriended, without a tongue to plead, or a sword to strike for them: a door and a flight of stairs, and nothing more, between them and the vengeance of a hundred thousand foes. A mass of men, every one of them noble, headed by Count Thurn, forced their way upstairs. They found but five persons in the chamber. Three of these, however, were the very men they wanted. One, the secretary, Fabritius, was a mean cringing knave, to whose gratuitous officiousness a good deal of the roughness of the Austrian rule was attributed. As for the ministers, Slawata and Martinitz, they were even more bitterly hated. They had ousted the natives from power, they had monopolized office upon office, they had fattened upon fine and confiscation; one of them at least was that always detested thing, a renegade, and of both it was asserted that they were in the habit of hunting their serfs with hound and horn to mass. In comparison with these the other two were almost meritorious, and were passed without injury, but in much terror, nevertheless, out of the room, down the stairs, and thence to their dwellings, suffering nothing worse than much hustling and more vituperation, by the way. Rid of these, six gentlemen, bearing the noblest names of old Bohemia, laid hold of the victims, and flung them right through the windows with such hearty good-

will that the last of the three was in the air before the first had reached the ground. Down the ministers tumbled from the dizzy height into the ditch beneath, amid the roar of the multitude; several flying shots, not badly aimed, followed; and, as it was intended that they should rot where they fell, no further notice was taken of them. But unfortunately for this good intention, the Bohemians were sadly given to a trick very well known in Edinburgh forty years ago. Ever since the rebuilding of the Hradschin in 1541 the servants had been accustomed to cast waste paper and other rubbish out of these same windows, and the heap that resulted never being meddled with, had accumulated to somewhat formidable dimensions in the course of 170 years. Besides, the three happened to be arrayed in full Spanish costume that morning, and their capacious cloaks expanding like parachutes as they went down, deposited them so gently on the heap that they escaped without even a broken bone. One of them, indeed, had his hand discoloured, and another a lock of hair cut away by pistol-bullets; but that was all. Gathering themselves up, they sneaked quietly away to shelter, and in a little time managed to get clear off from Prague. But the *pun*-ishment of two of them at least was not yet over. The secretary was ennobled shortly after under the title of Baron Hohenfall, or High Tumbler; and Martinitz under that of Count Schmeissanski, or Pitched Over—genuine specimens of Habsburg humour these.

This act brought matters to a crisis. There could be no parleying, no faltering, no receding henceforth. So a revolutionary government was established at once in Bohemia, with Thurn at its head. And the first act of that skilful administrator was to raise an army. Moravia was regarded as a Bohemian dependency in those days, and its Governor, Wallenstein, had that exaggerated reputation which invariably clings to a rising but not thoroughly tried man. The command of the new army therefore was offered to him in the first instance. But knowing well the weakness incident to rebellions, and still better acquainted with the value of royal prestige—a mighty thing in those days, and with the powerful organization and vast influence of the Jesuits, which were sure eventually to band the greater portion of Catholic Europe on the side of Ferdinand,—he refused decidedly to have anything to do with Thurn or his party. Nor was he content with mere refusal;—he employed the remainder of the year in organizing a royal army in Moravia. There were other Bohemians as loyal as Wallenstein, and these fled the country, or took refuge in the two or three strong towns that declared for Ferdinand, closely pursued by sentences of confiscation and exile. Adventurers from all quarters crowded into Bohemia—men of broken fortunes and desperate characters; and among the rest, with four thousand consummate cut-throats at his back, came that prince of partisans, Count Mansfeldt.

There was but a small force available in Austria at the time, and that was despatched at once to the scene of action under General Bouquoi.

Another imperial leader—Dampiere—was hurried up from Hungary in the same direction, although the Hungarians rose fiercely and closed upon his track like a flowing tide. The Habsburg fortunes were low enough just then. Besides Bohemia and Hungary, several provinces were in open revolt; and those that had not yet followed the example were widely disaffected—Austria itself as much as any. Not that the empire was completely denuded of loyalists; far from it. But large and powerful as the party eventually proved, for the time being it was helpless. Insurrection had swept over the country like an inundation, and those who were not utterly paralysed by the event thought of nothing as yet but shunning its violence.

Meanwhile, leaving Mansfeldt to cope with Bouquoi, Thurn marched straight upon Vienna. It was a daring stroke, but the wisest withal that could have been adopted. But Vienna was not fated to fall on that occasion. The moment Thurn crossed the borders Wallenstein, who even then had his spies everywhere, redoubled his exertions, and took care that the news should reach the Bohemian in sufficiently exaggerated form. Alarmed at the prospect of such a foe upon his flank, and still more alarmed at the focus thus presented to reaction, Thurn turned aside from the capital and made a rapid dash at Olmütz. He reached that city so suddenly that Wallenstein, whose half-hearted levies fell away as the Protestant leader approached, had barely time to escape with a troop of cuirassiers and—the money-chest, which he clung to with characteristic tenacity. He had effected his purpose, however, and for that time, at least, saved the empire. This happened early in 1619, and Thurn, having carried all before him, and established rebellion on a respectable footing in Moravia, was back before Vienna with recruited forces and splendid hopes before the middle of March. A few days after his reappearance the old Emperor Mathias died—in accordance with the forecast called the seven M's of Kepler: Magnus, Monarcha, Mundi, Medeo, Meuse, Martio, Morietur, as that philosopher is reported to have written beforehand; and the event added greatly to his astrologic fame. But unfortunately for its credit, the same story is told with a variation of another character of the period—Doctor Jessen. This learned Bohemian had been captured on his return from a treasonable visit to Bethlem Gabor in 1618. He was soon exchanged for a court favourite, who happened to be in durance among his countrymen. But during his captivity he had amused himself by writing up the capitals I. M. M. M. M. conspicuously on the walls of his dungeon. These letters—which he explained thus: Imperator, Mathias, Meuse, Martio, Morietur—were greatly talked of at the time. Crowds came to stare at them, of course, and among others the future Emperor Ferdinand. He, however, preferred to read them his own way: Iesseni, Mentiris, Malamorte, Morieris (“As to Iessen the liar, he will die a bad death”)—a reading which proved just as true as the other one, for Jessen was hanged shortly after the battle of the White Mountain. And as it is with this, so it is with most detached anecdotes,

especially the smarter ones. They are told of too many persons to be true of any; in other words, they are said to have happened too often ever to have happened at all.

Thurn and his Bohemians were without Vienna, and what was there within? 1,500 foot, 200 horse, abundant terror, and still more abundant disaffection. But Thurn, though a matchless demagogue, was a very poor general. Instead of storming the town at once, he dallied away three precious months in intrigue and negotiation. Not that these things were altogether ineffective. If they did nothing else, they kept the imperial family in the extremity of torture for a Yankee eternity—that is, ninety days. The Emperor, however, would make no concession. Helpless, and almost hopeless, as he was, he determined to the last to be a monarch or nothing. Everybody else gave away. His family entreated, and the Jesuits advised him to agree to anything and everything, *at least for the present*; or otherwise to fly and await the dawn of a better day among the faithful Tyrolese. But Ferdinand would do neither. And yet he knew that there was no help at hand; that Thurn might enter the city at his pleasure; and that the numerous traitors within the walls debated almost publicly whether they should not seize him, give him the tonsure by force after the Merovingian fashion, and, immuring him for ever in a convent, seize his children and bring them up in the Protestant faith. Very probably it was the knowledge of these debates that determined Thurn to wait and watch. Very probably the Bohemian chief calculated that the malcontents would do his work much better than he could dare to do it for himself, and that his surest course would be to maintain his threatening attitude unaltered, thus encouraging and strengthening his partisans by his presence, while his inaction left ample scope to their treasonable impulses. It was a wily plan, and would have been eminently successful but for one little trifle—the game could not always be thus confined merely to the Habsburgs, the malcontents, and Thurn. Meanwhile, day by day the traitors grew more audacious, and day by day the imperialists lost heart and fell off, until Ferdinand stood almost alone in his palace. At length Thurn roused and prepared for an assault; but rather with a view to stimulate his partisans than to act decisively himself. His troops drew up to the gates, and his artillery battered the palace, throwing its shot insolently in at the very windows. *Ferdinand changed his apartments and prayed against his enemies.* This cannonade decided the conspirators. While Thurn demonstrated without, they armed within and hurried to the palace. At their head were the noblest of the ancient nobility; for, with small exception, the present Austrian aristocracy dates only from the Thirty Years' War. Sixteen of them, headed by Thonradtel of the once great house of Ebergassing, forced themselves into the presence of their sovereign. This was the 11th of June, 1619, and a terrible morning it was within the ramparts of Vienna. There all was hurry and alarm. Some secreted their females and their valuables; others looked up and whetted their long-concealed weapons.

As to the palace, there the women and the priests wept together in helpless despair. Ferdinand was left to debate alone against a host. And what a debate was that! Extreme impotence was on the one side, and exulting insolence on the other. "Sign!" said Thonradtel, presenting a document overflowing with humiliating conditions. "Sign!" cried his comrades, laying their hands on their swords. "Sign! sign!" growled their followers in the corridors, on the stairs, and down in the court-yard below. But Ferdinand refused. They reasoned, he refused; they expostulated, he refused; they threatened, he still refused. Their faces flushed, their words grew fierce; the circle closed round the Prince, swords too flashed out, and Thonradtel, grasping his arm, *commanded* him to sign. If ever man looked death full in the face, Ferdinand did so then. The nobles had now gone too far to retract; with them, too, it was all or nothing. Let but one strike, and every sword would follow the example. Ferdinand's life hung by a thread, and he knew it, but he never faltered. He was no warrior, had indeed disgraced himself on the only occasion wherein he had ventured to show himself in arms; but now he was every inch a hero, as impassive as if he had been cast in brass. Old Rodolph and Maximilian, valiant as they were, might have been proud of their descendant. "Sign!" thundered Thonradtel for the last time, and more than one keen blade was pointed at Ferdinand's unsheltered breast. A moment more and—"Hark! what's that?" cried Jorger of Hernhall's, dropping the point of his weapon in startled surprise. "Himmel!" growls Hagger of Alensteig, "but it's a cavalry trumpet. Can Thurn be in the town?" And up it came, clear and ear-piercing, that rousing tira-la which horsemen love to hear. They rushed to the windows, and as they did so the trumpet-blast died away, and the ring of bridle and sabre and the clatter of many hoofs took its place. Another minute, and a dense body of cuirassiers trotted into the square, and pulled up with a ringing shout, right under the windows. "Whose are these?" questioned the nobles in astonishment. That was soon settled. A mass of the new comers threw themselves from their horses and dashed up the stairs without ceremony. There was a scuffle without, and then the chamber-door opened and admitted a tall thin figure, surmounted by a hard stern countenance, with piercing black eyes, heavy moustache, and short, bristling, black beard and hair. "Wallenstein!" cried the Emperor, bursting from his impassibility. "Ter Teufel!" screamed Thonradtel, crushing up his document, and dashing out of the palace, followed by the rest of the deputation, and preceded by the valiant Hagger, who tripped over his sword and rolled from head to foot of the stairs. The house of Habsburg was saved. That night came the news of a Royalist victory in Bohemia, and ere morning dawned, Thurn's camp was deserted, and himself far off on the way to the frontiers.

And how came Wallenstein thither so opportunely? That is soon told. After his escape from Olmütz he had no very pleasant march, for rebellion threw a hundred obstacles in his path. After much dodging

and shifting, many marches and not a few countermarches, he fell in with Dampiere, then advancing to reinforce Bouquoi. A few days after came intelligence of the imminent peril of Ferdinand. Of course a junction with Bouquoi was no longer to be thought of. Dampiere doubled back in haste, and Wallenstein, breaking off with his horsemen and his money-chest, seized a number of boats near Krems, and, dropping rapidly and unsuspected down the Danube to Vienna, managed to pass between Thurn's careless posts, and gained the palace at the very nick of time.

It was, indeed, the nick of time. Had Thurn taken Vienna, or even maintained his post before it a little longer, the imperial crown would have been lost for ever to the house of Habsburg, and with it the greater portion of the hereditary domains. Truly, Wallenstein was a mighty benefactor! Thanks to him, Ferdinand reached Frankfort in time, and history tells the rest. But even as an emperor his position, for a time, was sufficiently disheartening. Rebellion, triumphant in Bohemia, was far from being quelled elsewhere. The capital itself was not safe: a fiercer foe than Thurn—Bethlem Gabor and his wild borderers—was rapidly approaching. Ferdinand returned in haste to organize resistance; he recalled some troops from Bohemia, and gathered up new levies. But before he could do half that was requisite, the Transylvanian Waiwode was upon him on the one side, while Thurn, whom the large detachments made by Bouquoi had set free, came down on the other. But not to play the same insolent part as before. Men and soldiers, and confidence too, were now within the walls, and the assailants had to win every inch of ground in the face of stern resistance. Every day developed additional skill and daring on the part of the besieged, and always among the most distinguished was Wallenstein. At length, hopeless of success, discontented with one another, and, above all, apprehensive of the storm that was gathering, the besiegers withdrew. The leaguer began in October, and it was over by the opening of the new year. By that time, too, Ferdinand's affairs had greatly improved on all sides. At home judicious measures, combined with the imperial prestige, had won back many a malcontent, and not a few open rebels. And abroad diplomacy had been even more successful. France and England were neutralized; the Protestant League was dislocated, while that of the Catholics, drawn closer together, was even then mustering in arms under Maximilian of Bavaria. Spinola, too, was marching on the Palatinate; reinforcements were crossing the Alps from Italy; and Spanish gold was gathering reckless spirits everywhere for this fresh crusade.

Meanwhile the new Bohemian King was speeding fast to ruin: wasting his money, mispending his time, losing his friends, encouraging his enemies, and insulting his subjects by such tricks as the following:—"Fridericum Prage prope molendinum magnum, magna omnium indignatione, cum fæce populi lavantem visum fuisse." He had not even the atoning quality of personal courage, but was just as useless in the field as

he was in the council. By the time the campaign opened in 1620 the Bohemians were beyond comparison weaker than at the outbreak of the revolt. Then they were as one—then they overflowed with enthusiasm; but now they were disappointed and depressed, while every man distrusted his neighbour.

On the 10th of September, 1620, the invading army crossed the frontiers, and no more brilliant host ever marched to fight its first battle. The ranks included an unparalleled number of world-known celebrities. There, at the head, was that cuirassed Jesuit, the renowned old war-dog Tilly; there, with his iron horsemen, was the fiery rider Papenheim—he who, like the Napiers, was always sure to be hit; there—strange scene for such a man, then a volunteer of eighteen—was the philosopher Descartes; there, yet little more than a raw peasant, was the terrible partisan, John de Wart; there was the infamous Count Merode; there was he who became the first soldier of his day, when Turenne was in his prime, the gallant Merci; there was Cratz, Illo, Terski, Isoloni; and there, finally, was Wallenstein himself, in the capacity of quartermaster-general.

The battle of the White Mountain, like so many other decisive actions, was fought on a Sunday. Wallenstein was not present, having been detached the day before on a foraging expedition: so we shall pass over the details. That single fight ruined Frederick. Mansfeldt, indeed, maintained the struggle desperately for long years after; but he was a mere adventurer, who made the cause of the "Winter King" an excuse for continuing an exciting career. Pledging themselves to a general amnesty, the imperial leaders took quiet possession, except just of the districts occupied by Mansfeldt. And, for a time, there was no appearance of treachery. There was no harrying of districts with fire and sword; there were no proscriptions, no confiscations, no executions. Even religion was left untouched. One month passed, and another, and yet another without a change. It really appeared that this time at least a Habsburg would not play false. Hundreds who had been in hiding resumed their avocations. Confidence returned everywhere, and by the ensuing February the greater part of Bohemia presented no trace of the recent struggle. But Habsburg vengeance, whether in Spain, or in Holland, or in Bohemia, never disappointed itself by premature action, never drew the net until the meshes were full; and this was now the case. At midnight, February 28, 1621, forty-eight great Bohemian barons were surprised in their beds, and hurried in fetters to the Hradschin. But not for immediate punishment. Indeed, at first they were looked upon, and by themselves as well as others, in the light of hostages for the good behaviour of the nation, so long as Mansfeldt should make head. But in three months more that leader had been hurled into the Palatinate, and Bohemia secured. And then the work of death began. On the 21st of June the conquerors had a defenestration of their own. A scaffold was raised before the windows of the old Rathhaus,

opposite that Thien-Kirche, which still bore aloft the stirring emblems of Zisca : the chalice and the sword, the privilege and its guarantee. But the one was broken, and the other about to pass away for ever. On this scaffold was raised a lordly seat, and there, as the sun rose, the Imperial Commissioners arranged themselves, Prince Liechtenstein in the midst, with Slawata and Martinitz on his right hand and his left. The Grosser Ring was thronged with mail-clad men, and an army kept the neighbouring streets. Five o'clock struck ; and, at the stroke, a baron stepped through the window to the block. Another and another followed, until twenty-four heads fell. One by one they died, like valiant gentlemen. Some young and full of life, others old and hoary, tottering on the very brink of the grave ; the ages of ten among them amounting to full seven hundred years. But all died with the same unflinching mien, the same touching courage. The very morning of that longest day seemed to weep, preserving a rainbow full in front until the last proud head had fallen. It was the Arad of the seventeenth century. Alas for the line, whose annals are stained by two such bloody pages ! And during the whole of the terrible hours of butchery, the author was prostrate before the image of the *Black Virgin* at Marianzel, two hundred miles off in Styria, whither he had made a pilgrimage afoot, expressly to pray for the souls of his victims !

During the next few years, the Bohemians underwent a reign of terror. Confiscation, death, and exile went on by wholesale. Civil and religious liberty were stamped out together. The very literature of the country was proscribed and persecuted, and stamped out too ; for it also had been guilty of heresy and rebellion. And the Bohemians, from probably the brightest race in Europe, degenerated within a single generation into positively the most stolid.

Many of the estates were given away, and many more put up for sale by the Imperial Commissioners ; and this, in conjunction with the necessities created by fine and exile, threw so large a quantity of land into the market, that the price fell, in many cases, to less than a year's rent. Among those who profited most by this state of things was Wallenstein. Though holding by no means the foremost rank in the army, he had received by far the largest share of the plunder, and, possessing even then enormous funds, he made still larger purchases. But, not content with fair gains, if such gains may be called fair, he resorted to one of the tricks of the alchemists in order to swell them, and purchased several estates with coin so debased as to be not worth half its nominal value. There were complaints and loud ones ; but these were soon silenced by probably the most extraordinary edict ever issued by monarch, an edict which legalized this kind of swindling in Wallenstein's case only. But he did not purchase with a view to retain. The lands he had received by grant were sufficiently ample. The remainder he merely withdrew from the market until the prices ran up, and then he disposed of them at an enormous profit. This lucrative traffic he carried on until the last hour

of his life, investing his gains in the banking-houses of Italy, until, what with lands and funded wealth, by 1624 he was in the receipt of not less than 800,000*l.* a year; and with his fortune grew his favour at court. In 1621 he married the daughter and heiress of Count Harrach, the Great Chamberlain, became a member of the Aulic Council, and was created a Count; and in two years more he was still further elevated to the rank of Duke and Prince of the Empire. Thenceforth he was popularly known as the "Friedländer;" and nobly did he support his dignity. Now, at last, it began to be suspected that his money-grubbing had a deeper source than that of mere avarice, for his profusion was only less boundless than his wealth. His magnificence, indeed, had not yet attained the maturity it was destined to reach; but even then it was more than princely. Nothing like it had been seen in Europe since the days of Wolsey. But, in the midst of all this splendour, he was the same gaunt figure as ever—stern, silent, and unsympathetic, a world within himself; his vocabulary limited to words of command; dealing with men as with cattle, buying their brains and their arms as he wanted them, but never descending to familiarity, friendship, or confidence with any one; a man to be dreaded for his severity, distrusted for his selfishness, detested for his scornful insolence and unscrupulous rapacity, and blindly followed for his liberality and never-failing success; a man who, admitting no companionship in his rise, could expect no devotion in his fall. A man, in short, to be all-powerful in prosperity, and utter in his ruin.

On the Art of Dinner-Giving.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—

I AM going to give some advice upon a most important subject ; and I believe the advice will be very valuable. One must sometimes speak up for oneself, or, at any rate, for one's subject. This, however, is not a subject which should be rushed into, in a headlong manner. It needs and deserves some preface.

In the first place, my good amanuensis, to whom I am dictating this letter, is kind enough to remind me that I have treated this subject once before. I do not care about that : I have forgotten, and I dare say the world has forgotten, what I said before ; and, if I repeat myself, it will only show that certain things have continued to make an impression on my mind, and that enlarged experience has not, in those matters, caused me to change that mind.

I am not daunted by what Mr. Bright has recently told us, namely, that he and his department, the Board of Trade, are in the habit of offering the best advice to the other departments, and finding that it is uniformly neglected.

My subject is different. My audience is different. I find that when I write a paper upon Differential Duties, or on the Incidence of Taxation, or on the comparative merits of Direct and Indirect Taxation, I sometimes have only one true, faithful reader, who reads without skipping, and who is myself. With regard to my present subject it is not only most interesting, but it is a perennial one. Long after the Irish Church question is settled, there will still be dull dinners given in London. And even when the soundest principles of economic reform have been introduced into all the departments of the State, there will still be an absence of gaiety in some of, what are called, the best dinner-parties.

Then look at the magnitude of the subject. It is not too much to say, that 2,500 dinner-parties will be given in London to-day. I think what it would be to add only a little animation, only a little more real pleasure, to each of these 2,500 dinner-parties ! Such is my great aim. That deep thinker, Emerson, has said somewhere, that one of the main objects of all the different modes of civilization, is to bring a number of agreeable people together, to put their legs under the same mahogany or deal table at dinner.

My friends—but friends are so partial—are good enough to say that I am apt to treat of small matters which are unworthy—so they are pleased to remark—of the dignity of my pen. I am very much obliged to them for their anxiety to maintain this dignity. (By the way, do they all read

any part of my treatises upon the Incidence of Taxation?) But, at any rate, they will say that, upon the present occasion, I have taken up a subject fully worthy of that dignified pen.

Now, without further preamble, we will go heartily into this great subject. In the first place, it is desirable to have a good host and hostess. I particularly say hostess, because, as far as my experience goes, what are called men-parties are mostly a failure. Men are never so agreeable as when they are with women, or women as when they are with men; and I hold that thorough festivity without the glad presence of women is impossible.

Now, when I say a good host and hostess, I do not mean that they must be wonderfully clever or brilliant people; but that they must be genial, kind, and encouraging. They must give you the notion that they are thoroughly pleased to see you.

Now about the guests. There, again, the same quality, geniality, is the first thing to be looked for; also, a happy audacity. Cultivate the man who has the splendid courage to talk to some one across the table. He is a real treasure at a dinner-party. Of course the main object in inviting guests is to bring people together who will like one another. No minute rules can be given upon this part of the subject.

I venture to make only one or two suggestions on the foregoing head. Do not be too much afraid of asking people to meet at dinner, because you think they will not suit one another. I have no doubt the bold man who ventured to ask Dr. Johnson and Wilkes to the same dinner-party underwent some qualms of fear; but you see it answered thoroughly. The only people to be sedulously avoided are ill-natured and quarrelsome people. If the world would ask them to family dinners only, it might cure them of their ill-nature and quarrelsomeness. I shall never forget what a man of great humour (a publisher too)—alas! no more—told me that he underwent from the presence of one of these habitually quarrelsome fellows at one of his, the publisher's, parties. "Why, sir, he raised up such a feud amongst us, that I left the table, went into my bedroom overhead, undressed, got into a cold bath, and remained there until I heard the storm downstairs abate."

A remark, perhaps worth noting, has been made by dinner-givers, as to the proportion of numbers of men and women to be invited; and they say that it should be, as nearly as may be, seven men to five women. This results from the fact, that women, though often accused of being great talkers, are, in reality, small and timid talkers when compared to men. With regard to the total number of guests to be asked, that seems to many people a point of great importance; but is in reality of less importance than is supposed. Some persons imagine that if they ask eight people to dinner, all will go right; but that if they ask sixteen, all will go wrong. Whereas the sixteen will probably divide into two divisions of good talk, if the elements of force and vivacity in the party are not wholly confined to one part of the table.

I begin from the beginning; and, therefore, I begin with the question of invitations. These should not be issued long beforehand. When you receive an invitation to a dinner, which is to come off three weeks hence, you cannot help feeling that you do not know what will happen in the interval. You are almost afraid to accept, and you do, perhaps, at last accept with fear and trembling. I recall to my mind the practice of two distinguished Ministers of former days. It was "Consule Planco," *i.e.* when Lord Melbourne was Prime Minister; for I am sorry to say that I can date my experience of dinners from so primeval a period. Well, one of these Ministers had a habit of bringing home with him to his family dinner four or five Members of Parliament, whom he had met with while attending the House on that day. The other Minister had a habit of inviting any eminent or agreeable people, who came to him in the course of the day. Sometimes, he would invite a whole deputation, if they were pleasant and rational, so that the matter in question might be discussed at dinner. The parties given by these Ministers were eminently agreeable; and, indeed, it may be laid down as a rule, that a party, which is got together in a hurry, is nearly sure to be agreeable.

There is a very difficult question connected with invitations to dinners. This is the question of punctuality. You receive an invitation for dinner, in which a certain hour is named. You really do not know whether you are to be punctual to that hour, or whether you are to come half-an-hour afterwards. I propose a great and distinct reform in this respect—namely, that the exact time should be stated at which the dinner should be on table, and that it should be permitted to the guests to arrive at any moment within half-an-hour of that fixed time, the host and hostess being prepared to receive the guests at any time within that half hour. If the dinner were made the starting-point of punctuality, all people would know where they were, and what they had to conform to. In a vast city, like London, there is no measuring, without great thought and without making large allowance for misadventures, what will be the requisite time for traversing any given distance. And we, the guests, should all feel comfortable, if we knew, for certain, that the dinner would not wait for us, but would go on with the imperturbability and irrevocability of fate. I have always admired the account of that dinner in one of Hook's most clever novels, in which a certain unfortunate baronet, Sir Harry Winscot, comes in very late at a Marquis's dinner; and the Marquis, ignoring the vulgar appetites of lower men, desires that ice and wafers should be handed to Sir Harry Winscot. I think that if we are late, we should, without complaint, partake the fate of poor Sir Harry. The dinner should be independent of everybody, and should pursue its regulated march of perfect punctuality, regardless of the errors or misfortunes of the guests. The guests, too, would be much happier, and would feel much more independent, if this system were rigidly observed.

Then, I maintain that the time of dinner should be early. The

Romans, who knew a thing or two, inclined to early dinners for great parties, and were wont

"partem solido demere de die."

This was very wise; for if you want to make a man cross at dinner, you have only to make the dinner-hour a little later than that which he is accustomed to; whereas, he bears with wonderful fortitude his food being supplied to him at an earlier hour. The Zoological Gardens afford a good lesson upon this point.

Now I come to one of the most important points of the whole subject. I sum it up in few words. Avoid unnecessary apparatus. Too much apparatus is the death of all pleasantness in all society. Recollect what Horace, not a bad judge in these matters, says:—

*"Persicos odi, puer, apparatus;
Dispicent nexæ philyræ coronæ
Mitte sectari rosa quo locorum
Sera moretur."*

How I should venture, in a liberal manner, to construe the last two lines, is thus:—

"Do not seek for the early green pea, for the precocious strawberry, or for the pallid asparagus which has endured much unkindly forcing; but keep to what is in season, and to what is brought by natural means to perfection."

Then, I take another instance of unnecessary apparatus; and that is having unnecessary ornaments for the table. I must tell an anecdote to illustrate this position of mine. One of the foremost political men of our time gave a great dinner-party. I was honoured by an invitation. I must say that the guests had been most skilfully chosen. There were not only great political personages, but people who were eminent in science, in literature, and in art. Nevertheless, the wheels of conversation drave heavily. The next day I met, in the street, one of the guests. I said to him, "It was not a lively dinner yesterday; and, with such a host, and such guests, it ought to have been lively." "No," he replied, "it was not lively; but do you know the reason why? Our host is a man who has the keenest appreciation of works of art; and did you not observe that the table was cumbered with these works of art, and that we could not see one another? That explains everything."

I think it did explain everything, and I went away feeling I had gained, what is called a "wrinkle," in the art of dinner-giving. I am told that on the table of the greatest personage in the land there is a beautiful simplicity as regards all ornamentation, and that this is found to have a very good effect. I have, after profound reflection on this matter, come to the conclusion that a handsome tall ornament upon the table is equivalent to the presence of a disagreeable guest, and tends, about as much, to prevent good talk and geniality. If you must have much ornament, keep it low, so that it may not interrupt sight and sound.

I come now to another branch of the subject, which I believe is also of great importance. I would say, diminish waiters and waiting. And here I seem to hear a general shout of objection, especially from the ladies of any household; but I hold to my rule, notwithstanding. Multitudinous waiters only oppress shy people; and the very thing they do, is the very thing that ought not to be done. What is the object of bringing people together? It is to promote good talk and good nature. Now, talk must begin upon trivial subjects; and it is an immense advantage for shy persons (and we are all more or less shy) to have something to do,—to have some service to render to our neighbours. Admirable waiting prevents this.

As a crucial instance of what I mean, I would say that never has there been a greater blunder perpetrated in shy England, than in committing the care of the wine to the waiters. How we ever could have been so foolish as to have suffered the wine to be taken off the table, and to have given up the habit of drinking wine with people, is to me astounding. In former days what difficulties I have known to be overcome by the practice of asking people to drink wine with you at table. Two men have most unwillingly got into some feud with one another; perhaps it was two Cabinet Ministers—for though we outper people, we “externs,” have no knowledge of what goes on in Cabinets, we may yet conjecture that there is sometimes a little disagreement of opinion, perhaps even harshly expressed, in those lofty regions of the blessed. Lord A. asked Lord B. to take a glass of wine, and it was meant to be, and felt to be, an overture of good-fellowship and reconciliation. Or, take it lower down, Mr. A. met Mr. B., the reviewer of his work. Now Mr. B. had said some nasty things about Mr. A., also some things which were tolerably palatable. Mr. A., warmed by good cheer and good-fellowship, thought that he would forgive poor B., who, after all, was not so bad a fellow, and he asked him to take wine, and the literary feud was in a fair way of being made up. The man who should revive this custom of drinking wine together at dinner, will be a public benefactor. We will not set up a statue of him, for statues, especially in modern dress, are so often ludicrous; but we will write on his tomb (and that tomb ought to be in Westminster Abbey) that he was the man who revived the ancient and laudable practice of drinking wine together at dinner in England.

The two great causes of the failure of society to produce pleasure are fear and shyness. Care has, by Horace, been described as sitting behind a horseman, ride he never so swiftly.

“Post equitem sedet atra cura.”

And certainly fear (in the shape, perhaps, of a nicely-powdered footman) stands behind the chair of the guest at a great dinner-party. This poor guest fears that he shall not know what topic to begin upon with his next neighbour. He is too timid to adventure upon a discussion of a general subject with any opposite neighbour. He fears

to be trivial : he fears to be didactic. Now, here let me say a thing which is contrary to the opinion of many clever persons, but to which I hold strongly—it is that any discussion is good. People fancy that discussion must be pedantic—that it is likely to partake of the shop, and be shoppy ; but, after all, there is nothing that interests a company more, if they are worth interesting, than good discussion upon any topic, whatever may be the topic. The older men of this generation say that talk at dinner-tables is not so good as it used to be. If this be so, I think it has arisen from the fact that earnest discussion has been thought to be unpolite and ill-bred. “ Sir, we had good talk.” Thus said Dr. Johnson, and I believe that he meant to say, “ We had good talk upon one or two great subjects.” A butterfly mode of talk, flying from one flower to another, and sipping the sweets of this or that, in a rapid manner, is not really good talk. I do not believe that most men are averse from the talk of the shop. They delight to hear politicians talk politics : they delight to hear lawyers talk law : they even delight to hear physicians talk physic. Only let the talk be earnest talk, and all men rejoice in it. As this is a period in the world's history, when all the greatest questions of the time are brought before us in the most succinct manner by the public press, there never can, on any given day, be wanting great subjects for discussion, and ample materials for discussing them. It is the business of the host, or of the “ Master of the Revels ”—and there is always such a man in any company—to determine what shall be the topics of conversation, and to keep the company to those topics. A skilful person will take care that there shall not be too much time and attention given to any one topic, and that it shall vary according as men or women are present.

Now, as to shyness, as I have said before, we are all shy, some in a greater, some in a lesser degree. The rules which I have advocated have all been laid down with a view to diminish shyness. The less of pomp and circumstance you have, the less you will have of shyness ; the less formality, the less shyness. And here I may remark, that the custom I have proposed to revert to, of drinking wine together, would be very valuable. The master of the house has thus an opportunity of bringing into notice any guest, and he has also the opportunity of making known the name of that guest, which, in these days when formal introductions are omitted, is very valuable in every society. But to revert to shyness. It cannot be doubted that most of the reforms I have advocated would tend to limit the operation of this noxious quality, which prevents so many able men and clever women from doing themselves justice in society. The simpler the banquet, the fewer the servants, the narrower the table, and the more that the more audacious amongst the company are able to manifest their audacity, the more comfort there is for the shy man or woman, youth or girl. And when you consider that shyness and sensitiveness are closely allied to deep feeling and even to genius, the more requisite it is to do everything which should encourage shy people to come out of their shell of shyness, and to discourage everything which should

make them withdraw all their feelers and shut up, like the delicate sea-anemone, when touched by the rude hand of man or boy.

Now, about the viands for dinner. I think it must be admitted by everybody that the most agreeable people in society have passed the age of forty. At that age we are told that a man is either a fool or a physician—or, as a cynical friend of mine observes—probably both. By that time he has discovered that one or two plain dishes suit him best; and that he had better keep to one sort of wine. Of these plain dishes he can seldom get enough; while with kickshaws he is much tormented and tempted at great dinners. This all makes for simplicity of food. Not that I would cruelly discourage all great culinary attempts. Let those be for the people who like them, and who do not suffer from them; but I would greatly discourage their number.

I am now going to utter what will perhaps be called a great heresy. I believe that people would like to see the substance of their dinners upon the table. Some of my readers may say that a *menu* gives sufficient information. I doubt that. Between the *menu* and the presence on the table of the things enumerated, there is all the difference that there is in reading what is written about a thing, and in seeing the thing itself. Besides, the presence on the table of the dishes to be offered to the guests is a move towards simplicity of living, and I think also towards good taste. Fruits and flowers, and ornaments of all kinds, are very well in their way; but, if needful, they may be partially dispensed with, or their presence may be postponed, while we are engaged in the solid business of eating.

Now, the other day, apropos of food, I dined with that most pleasant host, Mr. G., and his still more pleasant wife, Mrs. G. But it was a sad day for me. G. is a man who has been blessed, or the other thing, by great riches; and he has a French cook. Some of this great artist's inventions made me very ill. Now I would apostrophize my friend G. in this way: "Do not think, when I refuse your invitations to dinner, that it is from any distaste for your society and that of Mrs. G., but I dread your French cook. That pleasant, rotund, and accomplished foreigner—comely, too, with his white vestments and his white cap—presents to me the awful idea of Black Death. When that distinguished foreigner goes to revisit his dear Paris for three weeks (surely you, who are a kind-hearted man, allow him that holiday), I shall be delighted to dine with you and Mrs. G., and to banquet upon the inferior productions of some Betsy or Molly, who holds the undistinguished post of kitchen-maid in your superb kitchen."

Now, though I am somewhat puritanical about dinners, I am by no means puritanical about dress. It is all stuff and nonsense to talk about

"Beauty unadorned, adorned the most;"

and I say, that I have never known a beautiful woman who cannot be improved by beauty in dress, provided it be the dress that suits her

beauty. The same with men. I have ever observed that when men come to a party well-dressed, wearing perhaps their orders, or their official uniforms, they feel that there is to be an increase of festivity and are more polite and agreeable.

Even "—— the polite" is still more courteous, and, if possible, a still more agreeable guest, when he indulges us with the Order of the Garter.

One great point in dinner-giving is, that the hostess should know when to move after dinner. Most clever women stay too long. They delight in good talk, and in the good talk of clever men; but they forget that festivity, to be successful, should be rapid. Everything in this life is too long; and dinners, as well as church services, require to be greatly abridged. A great wit, of a former generation, once said to me, after we had been detained an unconscionable time by a very brilliant hostess not being willing to leave the dinner-table, "There is no material difference, sir, amongst women, but this—that one woman has the sense to leave the dinner-table sooner than another. I trust, young man, that you will recollect this when you have to make the choice of a wife."

I have, hitherto, not spoken of those dinners of dinners, called public dinners. Indeed, they are painful subjects to speak about, or think upon, for those whose fate it has been to go through many of them. One would rather say with Dante—*Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa*. But this would be cowardly, and though not anxious to recall past sufferings, one should not fear to look back upon them.

Has there ever been anything devised, in the way of social intercourse, resembling a British public dinner? And is there any people in the world, but the conservative British people, who would continue to endure such dinners? Not that they might not be made pleasant things enough; for the Englishman likes dining, and is never more genial than when he has dined.

But, a public dinner!—the length of it; the tediousness of it; the toasts; the speeches; the elaborate talk about nothing;—what social suffering can be compared with it?

To blame, without proposing a remedy, is a shallow mode of proceeding. I therefore venture to propose some remedies for the tediousness of public dinners. And, first, I boldly propose that the toasts should be limited to four or five; that there should be no music except at dinner-time; and that, in public dinners, far more even than in private dinners, there should not be a great variety of dishes, causing much waiting, in every sense of the word. If the four or five hours devoted to public dinners could be diminished by half, great would be the delight of the diners, and charities would be proportionately enriched. The moment that fatigue and weariness enter into any so-called pleasure, at that moment failure begins.

Now, about the cutting down of the toasts. Why should all public dinners be regulated on the same basis of speechification? In some of

these dinners it would surely be sufficient to have for toasts, a loyal one, "The Queen and the Rest of the Royal Family;" then "the toast of the evening," a business toast; then, some other toast which is appropriate to the occasion; and, finally, thanks to the Chairman. I am even ungallant enough to wish sometimes that the toast of "The Ladies" should be omitted; but I am not rigid upon that or any other point. If there is an eminent person present, and His Eminence is gifted with the gift of after-dinner speaking, by all means let his health be proposed; for a good speech is a great delight, even after dinner.

There are occasions when it is desirable to allude to the Legislature; but, even then, why demand speeches from persons representing both branches of the Legislature? Again, when it is desirable to propose the health of our brave defenders, why divide those defenders into different classes, and so inflict upon ourselves and our victims separate speeches from representatives of Naval officers, Marine officers, Coast-guard officers, officers of the Line, Militia officers, Volunteer officers? I am sure no man admires the Volunteers more than I do, and more heartily wishes them thorough success and increasing reputation. They have immensely added to our weight in European politics. But sometimes, at a public dinner, a wicked thought has crossed my mind, whether we do not pay too dearly for these signal advantages, in having had another toast—"The Volunteers"—added to our list of toasts at public dinners. In few words, consolidation is never more wanted in Acts of Parliament than it is in after-dinner speeches. Consolidate, consolidate, consolidate. I say this, imitating the late Sir Robert Peel in his "Register, register, register!" and I am sure, if that good man were now alive, that there is no one who would more heartily agree with what I have just said than he would, for such things as public dinners were a great suffering to him.

Then, as regards music. No man delights in music more than I do; indeed, the only time that it is ever unwelcome to me is, when it causes a public dinner to drag on wearily.

In these days of railways, when trains will wait for no man, as the evening goes on, there is a gradual dropping-off of guests; and so a public dinner generally ends with an anti-climax of sparse attendance and feeble cheering. I throw in, as a final remark, the remark that the men whom you want to shine as guests at public dinners, are generally very busy persons, who come there somewhat reluctantly, and much wearied with the business of the day. They will be sure to shine more brightly the less you tax their powers of endurance. And remember, too, that at public dinners, there are no ladies present, at least, at the table, which is a great drawback to festivity, and causes it to be the more needful to ensure the festiveness of the festivity by endowing it with the joy that always attends brevity.

Let it not be thought that in the endeavour to make the party-giving of mankind more simple, less formal, less expensive, and more pleasurable,

we are aiming at a small matter. The greatest men—amongst them, Goethe and Sydney Smith (two people not much alike in other respects)—have laid down this grand maxim (I have not the words before me, but I remember the substance of the passages): that pleasure is an abiding thing—that a man is permanently the better and happier for having, if only once in his life, enjoyed some innocent pleasure heartily.

These two remarkable men coincided in another view they took of human society. They had both seen and lived with the most intelligent people in their respective countries. They had lived with wits, and scholars, and men of science, and great people. And they both said that the happiness of society consisted in bringing people together who had a mutual respect for one another, and who would be inclined to love one another. Now let dinner-givers think of this great maxim, though it may appear to be a commonplace one. Your object should be—for fortune has blessed you with the means of doing it—to promote harmony and good-fellowship in the world,—to make men of different classes understand one another,—and, in short, to blend society together in bonds of affection and respect.

I have hitherto spoken of this matter of entertainment, if not humorously, at any rate without great seriousness. But there is a serious side to the matter. "Plain living and high thinking" should be the main object to be aimed at; and you, who are rich and powerful, could do much to promote this. Remember that if there is any truth impressed upon us by the records of history, it is this: that great luxury generally precedes remarkable decadence in every nation—that is, in every nation that we know much about—the annals of which have been accurately recorded. It is for you to encourage simplicity in living; and you may be sure that this simplicity will coincide with that, which must be your great object, namely, to give the greatest pleasure by your entertainments.

Having said so much about dinner-parties, I am tempted to say a few words upon a kindred subject; namely, evening-parties. These are at present carried on in London with great barbarity. Nothing in social life, calling itself pleasure, has been made so tiresome, painful, and dispiriting. The hours are very late. Ingress, movement about the rooms, and egress, are, in general, equally difficult. There is no pretence, even, of amusement; conversation, in such a crowd, must be of the most vapid kind; and, altogether, these evening-parties afford a notable instance of what people can be made to do and to suffer, if fashion bids them so to do and to suffer.

It may be admitted that there is some slight use in these evening-parties where they are great political réunions, enabling members of the same party in the State to become acquainted with one another. Such evening-parties may fairly be considered business; but that they should be imitated by party-givers who have none of this business to transact, is a singular instance of the imitative and monkey nature of man as regards his amusements. Why the rest of us should imitate these great political people I cannot imagine.

But, if we must be imitative, and cannot strike out anything original in this matter, we might surely imitate what has been found to be successful in other times, and in other countries. I allude, especially, to the French salons. They were very successful, and there has been something like them, in former days, even in this country.

One of the essential elements of pleasure is ease; and nothing was more easy, both to the hosts and to the guests, than réunions of the kind I mean. That the members of a family should be sitting comfortably at home, pursuing, to a great extent, their usual avocations, and yet ready to receive, on stated occasions, any of their friends who might like to come to them, and who might have received invitations to do so, seems to be a most natural and easy method of showing hospitality. Hardly anybody in London knows anybody well enough to drop in at the second anybody's house in an unceremonious fashion; but some approach to this easiness of access might be made with great benefit to society.

This mode of enlarging the family circle would be of peculiar advantage in the middle classes. There has been much talk lately about "the young man of the period." Much has been said for him, and much against him. I think he is greatly to be pitied. You can hardly imagine a more desolate position than that of the young man from the country, who comes up to enter into some public office, or some merchant's house of business, or to study as a lawyer or a doctor. The head of a household can hardly ever do a kinder thing than to admit into his family circle any young men in such a position, with whom he may have any acquaintance. This may be done with very little expense or trouble if it be done in the way I have indicated. This may seem a small thing, but has in it the seeds of a great reform.

Everybody likes to have admittance to something which resembles a home. It is a fond delusion, prevailing chiefly amongst women, that clubs are very delightful things, whereas they are, for the most part, merely gorgeous temples of dulness. No young man really likes them much; but what is he to do when no homes are open to him? You may be sure that an immense amount of vice, folly, and extravagance would be prevented if the home-circles in London were enlarged in the way that I have suggested.

Very beneficial, too, would it be for the families themselves, where often, as I suspect, dulness reigns supreme. Moreover, marriages would thus be made more judiciously; for the more opportunities young men and young women have of seeing one another in something closely resembling domestic life, the more judicious will be the marriages amongst them.

Again, one of the most undoubted facts in modern life, is, that there is great fatigue attending all public amusements, which makes the busy and the feeble, and the old, fly from them; and which consequently circumscribes the young in their amusements. A man, wearied out with the business of the day, cannot undertake the fatigue of going to plays and

concerts; but the same man—probably a hospitable, genial fellow—would be delighted to receive young people at his own home, if it were not upset by it, and if perhaps he had a chance of his game of whist.

All these suggestions may seem very small; but it is very small things which greatly affect social intercourse, and which make it either a torment or a joy. Anything is to be welcomed which would bring us back to more simplicity of life and to less lavishness of expenditure. Display, pomp, pretentiousness are the destruction of pleasure, and are a sort of death instead of recreation.

Finally, it is to be noted that those men and women who would be the greatest ornaments of society, and afford it the most delight, are the very persons who are compelled to abjure society, on account of the hindrance that it is to good work, and of the fatigue, expense, and weariness which it occasions.

Recent satirists have blamed ostentation, and have been very hard upon scheming fathers and mothers of families. The satirists were not altogether wrong; but those they ridiculed were perhaps more to be pitied than to be ridiculed. Many a chaperone is performing, at great sacrifice of health and comfort, what seems to her, and is to her, a kind of solemn duty, which duty, however, might be got through much more easily if society were placed upon an easier and more pleasant basis.

I learnt a lesson of toleration once from listening to a great speech of Lord Grey's, in the House of Commons, when he was Lord Howick. He said this, or something to this effect:—"Whenever you find a class of persons going wrong, and subjecting themselves to much blame, you may depend upon it that there is something which compels them to commit the error in question. No class is bad. There is something which causes the evil you perceive; and that something is not inherent in the class. It is something, too, which may be remedied."

My readers will readily see how the above words apply to the present subject. When we blame the young men of the period, or the young women of the period, or chaperones and scheming mothers, or the middle classes for being needlessly ostentatious, or the great people for making so little of their great means of hospitality, and their social advantages, depend upon it there is something which requires to be blamed and to be amended, rather than the class of persons who are blamed—something, perhaps, which they do not see, and so far they are to blame; but something which is quite independent of their merits or demerits as a class.

Now, I am going to answer an objection which is sure to be taken against all that I have said. Indeed, I doubt not that it has already been taken. Surely some audacious individual has before now ventured, though "with bated breath, and whispering humbleness," to suggest to the great ladies who give the principal political parties on each side, that their parties are just a trifle dull, and that these parties are made unnecessarily severe and painful by overcrowding. They have, doubtless, not failed to reply

that it cannot be otherwise, for they have such a number of people to ask. The only answer to this formidable objection would be, Then you should have more parties. The excuse urged by these great ladies for this overcrowding is exactly the same as would be urged right down, throughout the social scale. Mrs. Brown uses the same formula of excuse in this matter as the Duchess or the Countess. It is certainly a great misfortune for society, that London is so vast and populous as it is. The pleasantest society is in much smaller cities, such as Dublin, for instance. But, as we live in this great town, we must make the best of it. I do not believe that the giving a few more parties, with a lesser number of guests at each party than there is at present, would be an increase of trouble, expense, and fatigue at all proportionate to the increase of comfort and satisfaction which would result from this proposed change. And it is better to have five successes in party-giving than three huge failures, even if the trouble, expense, and fatigue should be a little increased.

I do not pretend that I see the exact remedy for the evils I have alluded to ; but I have proposed certain remedies ; and, all I can say is, try them. Try what would be the result, if you were to make the pleasures of society more rational as regards times and seasons, less expensive, more home-like, more friendly, having more consideration for the nature both of old and young. And do not let the oft-quoted saying of that wise man, Sir George Lewis, whose loss we all deplore so much who knew him—a saying so often quoted because it is so horribly true—“Life would be very tolerable but for its pleasures,” continue to be a reproach to this generation—a generation so rich in art, and science, and in literature, and which possesses, in large measure, if they could be properly evoked, all the elements of thoroughly good fellowship.

I am, my dear Mr. Editor,

Your very faithful friend,

A MOST RELUCTANT DINER-OUT.

The Jacobite Ladies of Murrayshall.

SOME years since there lived, in an old Scottish farmhouse, three maiden ladies—Miss Marion, Miss Jenny, and Miss Lily W——. Their father, a staunch Jacobite, had been a lawyer in Edinburgh. Upon his death they had found a home in the house of their brother, whose political opinions also favoured the Stuart cause. In their brighter days the family possessed a comfortable little estate—the Sands—on the banks of the Forth; but, after the troubles of “the ’45,” Mr. W—— the younger had been obliged to retire with his excellent wife and large family of sons and daughters to Murrayshall farm, and had accepted the post of factor or land-steward to his relation, the Laird of P——, from whom he rented the farm on a long lease. In time, certain of his daughters married, while his sons pushed their fortunes in different ways—in trade, in medicine, and in other honourable callings; the church, the army, the navy, the law, being closed professions to them, since they could not conscientiously take the oath of allegiance to the House of Hanover.

Mr. W——’s income was very small when he settled at Murrayshall—so small that people in our luxurious days would regard his condition as one of real poverty. But although there was much self-denial, there was certainly no want in that picturesque farmhouse. Mr. W—— reared his family creditably, gave a home to his maiden sisters, and supplied shelter and hospitality to many another friend and relative.

Years went past. Miss Marion and her two sisters were at length left alone at Murrayshall with their old aunt Katharine, who was bedridden. The three sisters alternately sat up with the invalid each night, and amused their hours of watching by writing novels: productions which have remained unpublished, however. Miss Jenny’s novel—*The Earl of Tankerville*—a sentimental romance of the old school, was generally regarded as the best of the sisters’ stories. Every night poor Mrs. Katharine enjoyed her glass of whisky toddy—there was no sherry or port-wine negus for invalids of limited means in those days—and then the youthful nephews and nieces, some of whom were generally staying at Murrayshall, were admitted to her chamber to say good-night and to receive their grand-aunt’s blessing. Much some of them wondered when she rehearsed her nightly list of toasts—the healths respectively of all at home, of such members of the family as were in foreign parts, and, last, not least, of him—“Over the water.” Aunt Katharine died—the children grew up, married, and settled—their children again gathered round the home-hearth of Murrayshall, and listened with eager faces and loving hearts to the old-world stories of their good grand-aunts, Miss Marion, Miss Jenny, and Miss Lily.

It was a home to love and remember, with its quaint nooks and corners, where, among other strange relics of a bygone age, childish eyes looked with wonder on hoops and high-heeled shoes ; with its easter and wester garrets and wide ghost-like attic lobby, where dark mahogany double chests of drawers with elaborate brass handles found ample space ; its sitting-room, so thoroughly comfortable, yet so simple, with treasures of rare books and old pictures ; its best bedroom, whose chief ornament was the back of an old chair hung against the wall—a sacred chair, for had not Prince Charles Edward sat in it ?—its stone-floored *laigh* (low) room—once the lady's chamber, where more than one Laird of P—— first saw the light,—it was the only gloomy room in the house, and was afterwards abandoned to the servants,—and its garden, with broad grassy walks, gnarled apple and pear trees, fragrant damask and York and Lancaster roses, beds of homely vegetables bordered by bright old-fashioned flowers, and walls clustered over with the white Prince Charlie rose, honeysuckle, and spreading currant-bushes.

In the morning, it was pleasant to hear the clamour of the jackdaws which built among the ivy-covered crags close by ; while house and sheep dogs barked in chorus, and the geese, as they ran with expanded wings from the farmyard down to the willow-bordered pond under the shadow of the rock, sent forth their wild jubilant cries, all multiplied and echoed back in a strange ringing clang.

Pleasant was it, too, in the evening when the daws, with their resounding though monotonous “caw-caw,” came home to their sheltered nests ; the sleek kine from the clover pastures, and the patient plough-horses from their toil in the furrowed fields. Then, as darkness came on, how brightly shone out the stars watched for as familiar friends by many an inmate of that lonely house, who could point out Arcturus and his sons to wondering little ones, or teach them where to look for the sword and belt of great Orion.

There was always “rough plenty,” with a hearty welcome, at Murrayshall. No fancy dairy, but a plain *milk-house*, where large *bowens* (round flat iron-hooped wooden basins) threw up the richest cream, and stores of cheeses lined the shelves. The butter was the yellowest, the eggs the largest in the country-side ; both fetched good prices at the market-town of Stirling.

Orphan and invalid youthful relatives alike found a home and tender care at Murrayshall. The sad-hearted became cheery, the sickly became strong. Old friends—maiden ladies and widows, with or without a pittance,—were honoured guests at the primitive farmhouse. The Episcopalian clergy and their families were very welcome there ; and welcome too were those of other denominations. The poor were cared for, no matter what their creed ; the sick were nursed ; the troubled in heart or spirit were helped and comforted. The most stiff-necked Cameronian could hardly look grim, though the Murrayshall ladies, in antique silk-gowns, short ruffled sleeves and long black mittens, drove past him on Palm Sunday, on their

way to "the Chapel," with a bit of palm-willow in their hands. Had not Miss Jenny taken calf's-foot jelly and mutton-broth to his sick child only a few weeks before? And had not Miss Marion knitted a warm woollen cravat for the invalid boy with her own hands?

There were great gatherings in that old house at Christmas time: friends and relatives, long parted, met again at board and hearth. There was also a feast in the kitchen, not only for the servants of the house, but for the cottagers and humble neighbours of the district. There was no stint of roast-meat, shortbread, and Scotch bun, and the lowlier guests were not permitted to return to their homes empty-handed. Certain of the more privileged housewives were taken upstairs to see "the ladies," who thoroughly interested themselves in promoting the happiness of all. Above-stairs there were games, music, and cheery talk among the young folks, while the old people enjoyed many rubbers of whist.

Miss Marion, with her shrewd common sense and kindly disposition, was the mainstay of the house. She was lame, unfortunately, and so remained much at home, spinning, plying her needle, and writing letters. Miss Jenny had been, it was said, a great beauty in her youth, and, indeed, was beautiful in old age. She possessed literary tastes, and superintended the education of the many young people who were frequently gathered under the roof-tree of Murrayshall. Miss Lily was the housekeeper of the establishment, and famous for her preserves and currant-wine. The servants were quite fixtures; they were regarded as a part of the family, and shared ever both its joys and sorrows.

Miss Marion died at a great age in 1821.

Miss Jenny, though much her junior, followed her sister to the grave, in the great snow-storm of February, 1823.

Miss Lily was then left alone with two elderly nieces, Miss Phemie and Miss Mary, who took charge of the household when their aunt became incapacitated by age and infirmity. But she was only old in years, not in heart. Those who frequented Murrayshall cannot readily forget the good old lady in her simple cap, her homely gown crossed in front over the clear white muslin kerchief, and a small Indian shawl thrown over her shoulders. In winter her chair was drawn close to the fire; in summer her place was at a sunny window where the bees hummed among the honeysuckle and the birds cheered her with their song. Her knitting-basket and snuff-box lay beside her Bible on the broad window-ledge. She worked wonderfully for so old a woman. In her youth she had elaborately embroidered more than one gown, by always taking advantage of the odd ten minutes which so many of us let slip past, because they are only ten minutes.

Kind, simple, and charitable as were the ladies of Murrayshall, party spirit, though not affecting their intercourse with their poorer neighbours, most certainly influenced their relations with the magnates of the county. Far closer was the intimacy kept up with Episcopalian and Jacobite families than with those who, besides being Presbyterians, had been staunch

in their adherence to the Hanoverian Succession. When visited by any of the latter class, more state and ceremony were observable in the bearing of the good ladies. The conversation was more guarded on both sides, in the courteous anxiety of each party not to offend the other's prejudices.

Many a well-appointed equipage slowly ascended the steep richly wooded byroad dignified by the name of avenue, and drew up in the yard or court at the low massive door, the chief entrance to the house.

The Laird of C——, who had fought when a boy at Minden, returned to Scotland in 1827, a grand-looking old man of eighty, after a strange chequered life spent more on the Continent than in his native country. He deemed it right to call and pay his respects at Murrayshall, and was duly ushered into the quaint parlour, delicately scented with roses, which in summer filled every flower-vase in the room, while through the open casement came the odour of mignonette from the boxes on the window-sills. As Miss Lily, then over ninety but in the full possession of her faculties, rose to meet him, he stepped forward with the alacrity of eighteen and all the grace of *la vieille cour*, and astounded the sedate old dame by saluting her in the French fashion with a gentle kiss on each cheek. She bore the greeting, however, with more apparent equanimity than did her niece, Miss Phemie, who was scandalized and indignant that the head of a strict Presbyterian family, faithful to the reigning dynasty, and himself, it might be, a disciple of Voltaire, should have presumed to take so great a liberty. She could scarcely conceal her displeasure till the fascinating manner and conversation of the stately old laird riveted all her attention, and even called forth her reluctant admiration. An excellent woman in many ways, Miss Phemie was, perhaps, somewhat wanting in suavity, and apt to be a little bitter at times.

In a lonely spot not far from Murrayshall, and on the same estate, there had once stood a very small old Episcopalian chapel; but when half in ruins, it had been pulled down by the Laird of P——. Some of the stones were even taken to build a wall or cottage. To this, in Miss Phemie's eyes, most sacrilegious act, was it owing, as a judgment from Heaven, that the eldest son of the man by whose orders the consecrated building had been removed, was left childless, and the broad lands of P—— were destined to pass to the younger branch of the family; while the humbler folks who had made use of the sacred stones never, according to Miss Phemie, thrived afterwards. Assuredly, were she now living, the impetuous lady would regard the recent humiliation of the Kingdom of Hanover as a striking judgment on its royal race for the Elector's old usurpation of the Stuart throne.

Near where the old chapel had stood was a humble farmhouse, the tenant of which once invited the ladies of Murrayshall, and the young people residing with them, to drink tea. Among the young people were some English nieces, who, under the protection of their mother, a clever, strict, and somewhat formal matron, accompanied their Scotch cousins to the rural merry-making. After a ceremonious meal, at which

ample justice was done to the fresh-baked *cookies* and well-buttered flour scones which graced the board, a certain stiffness which had thitherto prevailed, wore off—the sound of a violin was heard, and the young folks were invited to dance. As they flew with spirit through the intricate Scotch reel, the host, seeing the Southern lady sitting alone, looking less severe and unbending as she watched the pleased faces around her, suddenly walked up to her and offered himself as a partner for the next dance. On her civil but very decided refusal, he said, solemnly, “I beg your pardon, mem, for maybe ye dinna approve o’ promiscuous dancing among the sexes.”

Of a winter’s evening, when the family were gathered round the fire, whose cheery crackle, with the ticking of the clock and *soughing* of the wind, were the only sounds heard, one of the Murrayshall ladies in a low clear voice would relate to a youthful audience some of her Jacobite reminiscences. The mother of the sisters was a Haldane—a scion of the Lanrick family, so long devoted to the House of Stuart. After the ’45, when the Duke of Cumberland quartered a body of his soldiers at Lanrick, the ladies of the family were restricted to certain rooms, while in the corridor without a sentinel kept guard. It was a period of grave danger and trouble—the fugitive Lanrick gentlemen were in hiding in the neighbourhood. One day Miss Janet Haldane, the laird’s sister, went to walk in the grounds with some of her young people, leaving her little niece Cissy in the house. As Miss Janet on her return passed the soldier in the corridor, he said to her in a low voice, without changing a muscle of his countenance or seeming to address her, “Do not let that child be left alone again. Had she shown another what she has shown to me, it would have brought you into trouble.”

On questioning the little child, she told her aunt with great glee how she had asked the soldier to go into their bedroom that she might show him their funny store-cupboard. Then, lifting up the valance of the oaken bedstead, she called his attention to a number of cheeses which were stowed there—provender that was to be conveyed gradually at night by trusty hands to the men of the family in their place of concealment.

A brother of the three sisters, at that time a little boy, made friends with the Duke’s officer who was in charge of Lanrick. William W—— had a handsome silver fork and spoon which had been given him by his godfather. He showed it with childish pride to Captain ——, who admired it so much that, spite of the boy’s indignant grief, he appropriated it, thinking himself, no doubt, quite entitled to Jacobite spoils. Years after, when William W—— was a merchant in London, he overheard an old red-faced military man talking pompously, at a large dinner-party, of the Scotch campaign, and mentioning the fork and spoon episode as having heard it from another person, who evidently considered the whole affair a good joke. William W—— got up, crossed over to the officer, and presenting his card, said quietly—“*You are the man, sir, and I am the boy.*”

It was dark and late one night when the Lanrick and Annet men met in conclave at the neighbouring manor-house of Annet. Suddenly they

were disturbed. There was loud knocking at the door. A troop of soldiers occupied the court-yard, and an English officer demanded entrance in King George's name.

The Jacobites had little time for thought. Escape at the moment seemed impossible. The lights were extinguished, however, and the conspirators quietly ensconced themselves behind a row of long greatcoats and cloaks hanging from pegs in a deep recess caused by the turn of the staircase. Miss Peggy Stuart, the elder daughter of the house, told her sister Annie to keep quiet in the parlour upstairs and not to stir on any account, whatever happened. Peggy, waving back the servants, then opened the door herself, and informing the officer there were only "lone women" at home, begged he would leave his men outside and come and search the house himself. Major — courteously granted her request, apologizing for intruding at such an untimely hour. Peggy led him upstairs, telling him the steps were worn and bad, and begging him to be careful how he advanced. At the turn of the staircase she redoubled her attention, holding the candle very low, so that the steps might be more distinctly seen. The cloaks, the greatcoats, and the hidden men were left behind, the officer again apologizing for the trouble he gave. After ascending a few more steps, Peggy stumbled, gave a loud shriek, the candlestick fell from her hand, and they were left in utter darkness. "Bring a light, Annie—for heaven's sake bring a light!" And Peggy groaned as if in agony. "Why don't you bring a light, Annie?" she exclaimed again. And then explaining to Major — that her sister was very deaf, she directed him to the parlour on the upper landing, whence he soon emerged followed by Annie with a lamp in her hand. The officer and Annie assisted Peggy to the parlour sofa, where she bitterly bemoaned her sprained ankle, and acted an effective little fainting scene. After due attention and condolence, the Major, conducted by Annie, made diligent but fruitless search all over the house. By this time, indeed, the Jacobite gentlemen had fully availed themselves of Miss Peggy's diversion in their favour, and had escaped by a back window. Quickly they put the wild muir and the Tod's glen between them and the house of Annet.

Miss Lily was in her ninety-third year when she was taken away in March, 1829. After her death there was a great sale of the antique furniture and household treasures of Murrayshall.

The cattle and poultry went to other owners. The farm was re-let—strange footsteps passed up and down the old staircase, strange voices echoed through the rooms. Poor people and little children looked wistfully up at the small-paned windows. Old friends turned away sorrowfully from the deserted house. The craggy furze-clad rock and the Scotch fir-trees seem to cast a deeper shadow on the old house since that dreary morning, long years ago, when the last of the Jacobite ladies was carried forth to her resting-place in the churchyard of St. Ninian.

A Cynic's Apology.

THERE are certain outcasts of humanity—pariahs to whom the most bepevolent of mankind refuse to extend a helping hand—misshapen cripples in soul, who are displayed by some cruel demonstrator, like specimens in bottles at a medical museum, to illustrate the disastrous consequences of grievous moral disease;—and of these unfortunates I confess myself to be one. I seldom enter a church, or attend a public meeting, without hearing myself held up to execration—not by name, but by reputation—as the heartless cynic, the man who sits in the seat of the scorner, or the rightful owner of some other opprobrious title drawn from profane or sacred sources. In short, I am a person given to rather dyspeptic views of things, inclined to look at the seamy side of the world, and much more ready to laugh at a new actor than to go wild with enthusiasm over his performance. Now I freely admit that for the most part the preachers are perfectly right. Undoubtedly enthusiasm is the most essential of all qualities, if not the one thing needful. It prevents the world from sinking into a stagnant and putrefying pool. We could not improve, nor even remain in a stationary position without it. And, what is more, the preachers are justified in giving a rather exaggerated prominence to the enthusiastic view of life; for mankind is much more in want of the spur than of the curb. Let them encourage any number of young St. Georges to mount and ride forth in search of a dragon; for though in real life the dragon breed is probably extinct since the days of the pterodactyle, it will be some time before we shall want game-laws to protect dragons of the metaphorical kind, or be able to dispense with the services of any St. George that may enlist. Yet, after all, there is another side of things which we may sometimes remember when we are beyond the charmed circle of pulpit eloquence. A clergyman does well to insist chiefly upon the necessity of self-denial; but it does not follow that we should never have a taste of cakes and ale. As, indeed, we are ready enough for the most part to take our meals regularly without special encouragement, our teachers do not insist upon the necessity of our eating and drinking and indulging in an occasional festivity. They trust to the unaided propensities of our nature to secure the proper discharge of those functions, and are content to throw their whole weight upon the side of restraining our excesses. For a similar reason, I presume, we are never told that we ought sometimes to laugh at our neighbours, to throw cold water upon their zeal, and to pick holes in their favourite little projects for the reform of humanity. It is imagined that that duty may be safely left to the unprompted malevolence of our nature, of which it is presumed

that there will be a sufficient crop after every diligence has been used in pruning it down. Now here, I venture to suggest, there is an omission in the common run of exhortation. There is, as I shall try to prove, a certain useful piece of work to be done, and if we are content simply to denounce those who do it, it will, of course, be done in a bad spirit and from malevolent motives. I claim no lofty mission for the cynic; and I merely suggest that, like mosquitoes, they are part of the economy of nature. One of Lincoln's apologues—of which the original application matters little—told how he and his brother were once ploughing on a Kentucky farm: the horse was going at an unusually good pace, when Lincoln knocked off a huge "chin-fly" that was fastened to his hide. "What did you do that for?" exclaimed his brother. "That's all that made him go." The whole of my claim for cynics is that they act at times the part of "chin-fly," on the pachydermatous population of the world. If we rashly attempt to crush them out of existence, we only make them more spiteful than before, and may not improbably discover that, like other vermin, they do some dirty work, which is not the less essential to our comfort. The most ingenious of the socialist theorizers maintained that men who did particularly unpleasant services to mankind, should be rewarded by being held in special honour, instead of being shunned as is usual in our imperfect society. Scavengers and chimneysweepers, for example, would have some compensation for groping in filth by occupying at other times the best seats in public places. I do not go so far as this. I am content to be trodden under foot (in spirit only) by innumerable preachers—and perhaps it does not want much courage to bear the satire of ordinary sermons; they may spit upon my gaberdine, and call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog, as much as they like. I shall never desire to cut off a pound of their flesh; I would, at most, retaliate, like poor old Shylock, by some harmless abuse, and invite them, not (as I might) to be grateful, but to remember that I too, like venomous reptiles, have a certain place in the world. To explain this a little more in detail, let us consider one or two particular cases. Thus, for example, every one who has reached a certain time of life has been annoyed by a peculiar race, known amongst its own members as the "earnest," and to the rest of mankind as prigs. It is notoriously difficult even for naturalists to trace out the identity of certain creatures who vary very much at different stages of their development. A man who remembers the companions of his university career, is sometimes amazed at the number of enthusiastic clergymen and respectable lawyers who at a later period claim to have been among his contemporaries, and wonders from what new material this finished product has been constructed. Gradually he finds that a stout boating-man, whose talk was of bumping, and whose food was of bleeding beefsteak, has fined down into an ascetic priest; or that a cadaverous mathematical student has blossomed into a rubicund lawyer. Now the case of the prig is the reverse of this. He is a specimen of arrested development. Instead of being modified by the atmosphere of

the outside world, he has carried into it all the simplicity characteristic of his earliest manhood. There is something refreshing and even elevating about the spectacle of these harmless enthusiasts. They carry us back to the time when the sight of our names in a class-list produced a feeling of ineffable pride, and a fellowship seemed more glorious than a seat in the Cabinet. There is upon this earth no person who surveys mankind "from China to Peru" with a more exquisite sense of perfect complacency than the young gentleman who has just put on his bachelor's hood. Early donhood, if I may so call it, is the time of life at which nature assists us by throwing out an abnormal development of self-esteem, as the marmot grows fat to strengthen him against the approach of winter. The Union is still to our minds an assembly whose debates reverberate throughout the empire; to row in the university eight is an honour worth the sacrifice certainly of learning, and possibly even of health; to be a first-class man is to have won a decisive success in the battle of life. In the little world to which our ambition has hitherto been confined, we have risen to the summit of all things; for tutors, professors, and other authorities are nothing but contemptible old fogies hide-bound with useless pedantry. So imposing, indeed, is the position of the youth who has just won high honours, that I confess that I have never been able to meet as an equal those who attained that position when I was a freshman. Thackeray speaks of the old gentleman of seventy who still shuddered at the dream of being flogged by the terrible head-master of his youth. In my imagination, the lads who held sway in the university when I first had the honour of a gown, and who, as we fondly believed, rivalled, in different departments, Porson and Sir Isaac Newton, and Pitt, and Coleridge, and Byron, are still surrounded by a glory exceeding that of any of the sons of men. But a cynical freshman would be an impossible creature.

Most men soon part with their university bloom: the world demolishes their splendid ideal, and even Oxford and Cambridge sink to be provincial towns with a large proportion of cultivated men and promising lads; but not enchanted palaces of virtue and learning. The senior wrangler himself walks down the Strand without attracting a crowd; and a benighted metropolis has rather hazy notions of the precise meaning of triposes and littlegoes. Yet there are a happy few who carry about with them to later life the rose-coloured atmosphere which first gathered round them in the walks of Trinity or Christchurch, and retain the estimate then formed of the outer world of barbarians. These are the genuine prigs; and as live and let live is a very good, though very trite motto, I have no objection to their existence. They would not voluntarily hurt my feelings; and indeed the really irritating thing about them is their invariable condescension. They have the art of posing themselves like monumental statues on invisible pedestals which they carry about with them. They are sincerely anxious to put us at our ease. They smile benevolently at any little criticisms which we may hazard, as one smiles at the infantile

prattle of children. They have a mission, of which they are perfectly conscious, and they move in a light not vouchsafed to the horny eyes of a cynic. But they feel deeply that their ineffable superiority does not entitle them to be harsh with us. They have even been known to approve of an occasional joke, though never condescending to make one themselves; they deal gently but firmly with us; and after we have amused ourselves with our playthings, bring us back to the discussion of a serious subject. If the conversation strays, for example, to some mere personal gossip, they take advantage of the first accidental loophole to ask our opinion of the merits of female suffrage, or the prospects of trades-unionism. On woman's rights they are especially strong—it may be from a natural sense of gratitude; for women, as natural haters of cynicisms and inclined to sentiment, are generally far more tolerant of priggishness than men. Perhaps, too, there is something pleasant to the feminine imagination in the air of infallibility which these excellent beings affect; for they are apt to gather into cliques, and round private prophets, of whom to confess ignorance is to confess yourself one of the profane. This gives them that great advantage which belongs to the esoteric disciples of a narrow sect—the power of forming mutual admiration societies. A great, though unintentional, service has been done them by an eloquent writer, as far as possible removed from their weaknesses, in popularising the nickname Philistine. Like other nicknames, that word has degenerated in common use, till it is sometimes a mere shibboleth, employed by the genuine prig to designate all who are not prigs. Not but that the two characters may be sometimes reconciled in that truly portentous variety of the prig who founds his claim to superiority on the exclusive possession of the true doctrine about the currency, or the checks and balances of the British constitution. But, as a rule, to do him justice, the prig chooses for his pet doctrine some less husky and indigestible fragment of truth.

To object to such persons in their youth would be morose; though even then the phase is not without its dangers. It implies a consciousness—which may frequently be well founded—of great powers, and a rather overweening estimate of their importance. It is useful, we may say, as the yolk which surrounds a bird before it has left the egg—on condition that it is thoroughly absorbed. When the day-dreams of the youth begin to turn into the settled delusion of the man, they first show their enervating influence. To eradicate these delusions requires that treatment with some biting social acids which cynics are destined by nature to secrete. The youthful enthusiast who has not undergone some such hardening process suffers from a sort of fatty degeneration of the moral nature. He exhibits that insipid flabby sentimentalism which does more than anything to disgust reasonable men with philanthropy. It is, doubtless, a thousand pities that any one should be disgusted with so essential a virtue: but how is it to be avoided? A man who is capable of deep emotion at the mass of misery which still stagnates in the world, who is anxious for stern and sharp remedies well considered and vigorously carried into execution, is thrust aside by the

crowd of amiable quacks who are occupied in puffing themselves and their pet nostrums. The cliques—each of which possesses, in its own estimation, the one panacea for curing all our evils—form, as it were, a series of social hothouses, in which philanthropists are forced, like early peas, to an unhealthy precocity of growth. They shoot up into prize specimens, intensely admired by those who have carefully cultivated them, and manured them with compliment and applause, but of weak fibre and feeble constitution. If you venture to criticize one of these gushing and feminine creatures, you are accused of harshness, brutality, and indifference to the finer feelings of our nature. You are a coarse cynic, and probably a sceptic into the bargain; your impatience of schemes that won't work, and of feeble attempts to varnish decayed places instead of curing them, is considered to imply indifference to the end desired. It is easy to set down the contempt of practical men for half the charitable schemes of the day to a grovelling selfishness. Much of it may be so; but it only needs a glance at the chaotic muddle of the London charities, to see the advantage that would result if people would look before they leap, and take a lesson or two from the scorners and sneerers. Doing good requires forethought as well as other things; and the fashionable denunciation of cynicism has tended to deprive us of the benefits of all criticism. People are so charmed with the romantic aspect of things that they won't look at the prosaic, commonplace aspect of the evils to be encountered. To say the truth, one is occasionally inclined to regret that martyrdom has gone out of fashion. Doubtless it was wrong to saw an apostle in two; but the practice had its advantages. It forced social reformers into a sterner temper, and a more thorough-going policy, and discouraged the crowd of thoughtless volunteers, who hinder the work they profess to help. The word, indeed, remains, but its whole signification is altered. Two of the most desirable events in life are, to be suppressed by Act of Parliament or to become a martyr. In one case, you are left with a good income and nothing to do; in the other, you are the object of universal sympathy, and may very probably receive even pecuniary compensation. When stakes and faggots were in vogue, there were objections to the honour; but now it would be hard to show a man a more delicate attention than to prosecute him for heresy, whether theological, political, or even scientific, for he is certain to become a "lion," and not improbably the pet of some enthusiastic clique.

As this moral tonic has gone out of use, the critic's sneer is, perhaps, the best substitute left. It may do something to clear the atmosphere of cant, and to strip the prig of his inordinate affectations. By itself it can, indeed, do nothing; but it gets rid of some of the constantly accumulating masses of humbug, and allows us at least to see things as they are. To the objection that it is cruel, the answer is that it can hardly hold the existing evils in check. The unfounded superstition that brutal critics of a former day slew Keats by their abuse has long been worn out, and is scarcely even quoted more than once a week or so. We may say, in

Rosalind's words, "men have died, and worms have eaten them"—but not of criticism. Persons who talk of the ferocity of the most fabulous creature known as the slashing critic, must indulge in some very erroneous estimates of the amount of genius in this country. A hasty calculation may be easily made. Compare the number of novelists of established reputation with the swarms of aspirants, whose first efforts are criticized in nearly every paper we take up, and then compare the number of favourable and unfavourable judgments. A rule of three will result, which would prove either that we are now turning out rivals to Fielding, or Scott, or Thackeray with unprecedented rapidity, or that many respectable writers are being welcomed with an excess of compliment. It is only too easy to say which is the most probable alternative. Or we may compare the number of living authors of recognized ability, who struggled against critics in their youth—if any such can be named—with the number who have been hopelessly spoilt by undue praise. At every turn we find really clever novelists, poets, and artists who have made a hit on their first attempt, and have ever since been their own servile imitators. It is of the rarest occurrence now to find one who has been exposed to the opposite and less searching trial of hostility, or even want of recognition. Unless a man wilfully plunges into some abstruse branch of inquiry, some thorny byway of metaphysical or historical inquiry, he is in especially greater danger from the excess than the deficiency of sympathy. A patron, we know, in Dr. Johnson's time, was "one who looked with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he had reached ground, encumbered him with help." The public, we are told, has taken the place of patron and discharges it in very different fashion. It has innumerable critics placed, like the Humane Society's men on the Serpentine, with ample provision of hooks, ropes, and grapples. On the first appearance of a swimmer of any buoyancy, he is seized, hauled on shore, patted on the back, applauded, petted, treated to drinks, supplied with funds, and generally made into an idol with all the questionable advantages of such a position. If some poor critic comes by and says, "Really that young man is an impostor," he is hooted at as a cynic whose only motive must be an unworthy jealousy. And yet there are impostors—if we may imitate Galileo's profession of faith. Nay, so far is criticism from damaging genuine talent, that even an impostor, if endowed with sufficient impudence, can thrive and wax fat and sell innumerable editions in the teeth of his scorers. All that the critic can hope to do is to keep alive the belief that there is some distinction between good writing and bad, and to encourage public opinion occasionally to assert its independence. It is an encouraging fact that by incessantly hammering at the point, sensation novelists have been forced to put forward a defence. Critics are totally unable to crush the faults of which they complain, but they can maintain a certain sensibility to blame. It is still known by tradition that there are some canons of good taste, which a man may indeed safely defy so far as his bookseller's

account is concerned, but which will avenge themselves on his future fame. If the tradition does not quite expire, it is due to a few faithful critics—much reviled by the enthusiastic part of mankind—who go about smiting pretenders right and left; and, it may be, sometimes administering a random blow to some one who does not deserve it.

The enthusiasts, who think that revolutions are to be made with rosewater, that the world is to be awed by patting all the good boys on the head without administering the birch to the bad ones, may possibly object to this doctrine. It sounds plausible to say, praise the good and let the bad find its own path to decay. Yet even they will perhaps admit some force in the next claim which I venture to put forward. There are in this world certain persons known by the good old English name of fools. Although we shrink from applying the name to any individual, we know that, in the aggregate, they form a vast and almost impenetrable phalanx. Like other men, they have their uses; they serve, perhaps, as ballast, and prevent the machinery of the world from moving too fast. Certainly they do it effectually. There is something portentous about the huge masses of dogged stupidity which environ us on every side. There are noodles alive who repeat with infinite variations the oration composed for them by Sydney Smith, and repeat their little saws about the wisdom of our ancestors, the contrast between theory and practice, and other profound considerations leading up to the grand conclusion, *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari*. It may be that some of the finest specimens of the tribe were those who lately engaged in the defence of the worst abuses in work-houses, and happily compared all who denounced them to persons with a morbid appetite for "putrid oysters." The force of the analogy may not be very obvious, but it had a certain currency at the time from the happy confusion of ideas which it indicated. Vestrymen, as this scrap of their eloquence implies, are frequently dull; and it may even be that their education gives them a dulness of a peculiarly fine flavour. But we cannot flatter ourselves that dulness is confined to Bumbledom, nor to its unfortunate subjects. There is, we may venture to imagine, some stupidity in high places; and if any doubts be entertained on the subject, we might ask Mr. Mill for his opinion of Conservative members of Parliament, or Mr. Bright for his views of bishops. Assuming that those eminent men cannot be speaking entirely without book, and noting, for our private edification, the singular resemblance between the two sides of the House of Commons, and the fact that lawn sleeves do not naturally change human nature, we may venture to hazard a conjecture that there is probably a good deal of stupidity up and down the country. How is it to be assaulted with any prospect of success? The thick armour which Providence has bestowed upon this class of mankind is proverbial. Take it for a rule, as the poet observes,

No creature smarts so little as a fool.

But if anything is to be done, he must be made to smart. Some one must do for him that kind office which had to be done for the mediæval knight

who had been tumbled over in his impregnable suit of armour, and force open the rivets. Where is his vulnerable place? Preaching, however eloquent, passes over him like a distant and pleasant murmur. He plants himself more firmly in his seat, and refuses to budge. He is like a huge wrestler whom I have seen wearing down his active antagonist by sheer weight. If he moved, he was thrown in an instant; but so long as he stood stolidly stockstill no efforts were of the slightest use. We want some one to stir him up as the Spanish bull is excited by a firework or two planted in his neck. Now, fortunately, the very dullest of mortals is more or less accessible to contempt. He dislikes being written down an ass. He throws off his mantle of sevenfold indifference under a few judicious taunts, and brings his clumsy strength into the arena. It is curious to remark how, in a political contest, the loftiest eloquence loses its effect after a day or two; and some little epigram thrown out in the heat of the contest remains fizzing and sparkling unquenchably, in spite of all efforts to stamp it out, and keeps up the spirit of the weary combatants. Keen, scornful common sense, compressed into a few pungent words, piercing through the buncombe and the flummery, should be welcomed even by those it attacks. It is the signal that the parade of the fencer with blunted foils is over, and that real work with sharp steel is beginning.

But it may be urged this is, after all, a debasing view of things. Cynics who delight to pierce windbags and to unmask humbugs, are equally apt to throw mud at heroes. Even if the hero laughs at them, the popular mind is prejudiced. If, in those old days of dragons and martyrs, there had been such things as newspaper reporters and weekly essayists, what kind of criticism would have greeted men who died in the discharge of the noblest of duties? Or suppose that even now some gallant missionary has been devoured in the Cannibal Islands, and that the court journalist of that country has managed to catch something of the European tone. "The news which has just come to us," he would perhaps say, "is certainly to be lamented. Cannibalism, as a custom, is undoubtedly doomed, though we may regret the sentimentality which has finally suppressed so picturesque and harmless a custom. Be that as it may, we have become too dainty to eat our enemies, though not too dainty to kill them; we have sacrificed to morbid prejudices a savoury and nutritious article of diet; and, of course, laws, however unsatisfactory in point of reason, must be obeyed. Even missionaries who land upon our shores must be protected. But we would ask them, if they still retain any gleams of common sense, what it is that they expect to gain? Mumbo Jumbo may not be in all respects a satisfactory object of worship; but what known doctrine is thoroughly satisfactory? His worshippers believe that if they knock each other on the head, or marry more than a dozen wives, or eat human flesh out of season, they will suffer for it; it is a rough creed containing, it may be, some errors; but, on the whole, it is excellently adapted to the state of

civilization, and any more refined doctrines would simply fly over the people's heads. Mumbo Jumbo's priests are not men of any high polish, but they have a great influence over the vulgar, and save some expense in police arrangements. The man who upsets such a state of things, incurs a heavy responsibility, and ought to be perfectly clear that his teaching will be better adapted to the minds of his audience. If he is fool enough, for the sake of so doubtful a good, to run the risk of being made into chops, we are of course bound, as far as may be, to frustrate his excellent intention, and to prevent him from obtaining the object of his foolish wishes. So far as we can secure it by reasonable precautions, his friends shall not boast that he has been converted into meat, roast, boiled, or baked; but if we unluckily fail, they must also thoroughly understand that we hold him to be simply an idiot whose folly has met with its natural, if not its lawful reward."

In some such tone, I imagine, we should greet many martyrdoms now-a-days: and I fully admit that it is only within narrow bounds, only when acting as a strictly subordinate check, that cynicism is desirable or pardonable. Mustard is a good thing, but we cannot dine off it; and there are, undoubtedly, limits to the use of vitriol. When chivalry is sneered away, there is a fearful loss to the people whose powers of reverence are injured; only at present I fear it is in equal danger of being stifled by injudicious praise, and lost from sight in a mass of Brummagem imitations. A little supply of cynicism should be kept on hand to test the genuine nature of the article. Let us only reflect, to use one obvious illustration, how much good would be done if in every church there came in at sermon-time the cynic who is so often denounced in his absence; if he was accommodated with a seat, and allowed to put the clergyman a few questions afterwards in private: would not the logic to which we are treated be generally sounder, the eloquence more severe, and a little more care be shown not to shelter sheer nonsense under the respect due to sacred things? We should, I fancy, more frequently enjoy what, in spite of all that is said against sermons, is really one of the most elevating of all possible influences, the eloquence of a man who has put the whole powers of his mind to enforce doctrines of whose truth and vital importance he is even passionately convinced, and who further remembers that he is talking to men as well as to children.

The New Military Breech-Loader.

THE somewhat prolonged inquiry, which had for its object the selection of a breech-loading rifle for the British soldier has at last terminated. In preceding numbers of this Magazine* we traced the progress of the inquiry, and recorded, first, the selection of the Snider system of conversion for application to the existing muzzle-loading Enfield rifles; secondly, the raising of the curtain upon the competition between the rifles from which the selection of the future arm was to be made.

Of the Snider rifle it is unnecessary to say much here. It is now, after some years of trial, generally recognized as an arm of remarkable accuracy, efficiency, and simplicity. Notwithstanding dire predictions of failure, it has in no sense failed or fallen short of our expectations. Few military men would now care to exchange the Snider for any breech-loading rifle in use among foreign armies. The cartridge, upon which so much of its success depends, has also steadily grown in favour at home and abroad. Speaking generally, we may say that the whole of her Majesty's regular troops are armed with the Snider, the existing stock of Enfields having been used up in the process. Indeed, it has been found necessary to supplement the original store of convertible arms with a few new Sniders, and some 50,000 are to be made this year, differing from the first pattern only in two important particulars. They will have steel barrels, and the breech-action will be provided with a safety-bolt, to obviate the danger of a breech-block being blown open by the escape of gas from a damaged cartridge. With regard to this last point, it may be well to observe that, with one pattern of the Boxer cartridge (V), a few casualties of this sort have occurred. In an attempt at economy this cartridge was made weaker than preceding patterns, and the balance of safety was thus, as it has proved, reduced to too fine a point. A cartridge faulty in any respect, or a gun which, from some imperfection in the fitting or dimensions of its parts, failed to afford the cartridge the requisite support, was liable to give rise to an explosive escape—a liability which, of course, increased when the two happened to come together in hazardous combination. Accordingly, the cartridge was once again brought to such a strength as would cover all reasonable imperfections of manufacture in arm and ammunition; and the temporary difficulty was thus easily and, it would seem, completely overcome. But, unquestionably, the remedy, although effectual, is a wrong one. The principle of depending wholly upon your cartridge for ultimate safety is unsound. It is unsound in two senses,—

* *Cornhill Magazine*, September, 1866, and August, 1867.

economically and mechanically. As to economy, we have seen that it has been necessary as a precautionary measure to revert to a stronger and, therefore, more expensive cartridge than might have been prudently employed with an arm of which the breech could not be blown open. Mechanically, it appears unsound to depend upon the niceness of a combination, upon perfect excellence of parts, and upon an exactness of manufacture which practice has shown cannot always be observed—or which can be observed only at additional cost. And, generally, the public would be better secured against accidents if the Proof Act were to include a clause refusing a certificate to any breech-loader, the safety of which is not independent of its cartridge—a clause which clearly cannot be introduced so long as the Government arm is one of what we may call the non-safety class. So that the decision to provide the remaining Sniders with a safety-bolt is a commendable one, and might have been adopted with advantage in the first instance. Of the minor modifications in the bullet for the Snider it is unnecessary here to speak. Substantially, the arm and its ammunition, with the exceptions which we have named, remain unaltered.

With the appointment, early in 1867, of a Special Committee to determine whether it would be desirable to supply Sniders indefinitely or to adopt some other system for future manufacture, and, if so, to select the future breech-loader, our readers are already familiar. It will be sufficient to remind them that the Committee consisted of Lieut.-Col. Fletcher, Scots Fusilier Guards, President; and Captain Rawlins, 48th Regiment, Captain Mackinnon, 3rd Regiment, Earl Spencer, and Mr. E. Ross, as members. Captain Haig, R.A., acted as secretary until near the close of the inquiry, when illness deprived the Committee of his valuable services. The first duty of the Committee was to examine the arms submitted in reply to a War Office advertisement of the 22nd October, 1866, and to award the prizes which were offered in this advertisement. The advertisement had imposed certain elementary conditions as essential to qualify an arm to compete for the prizes, and with these conditions the larger proportion of the arms, and, with one exception, the whole of the cartridges, neglected to comply. Of the one hundred and twenty arms submitted, early and late, only thirty-seven were eligible to compete. Some were too long, others too short; others were submitted after the proper date. By a process of elimination, which we have described in a former article, the thirty-seven arms were reduced to nine, and the competition for the prize, or prizes, lay between the following arms:—* the Albini and Braendlin, Burton (two systems), Fosbery, Henry, Joslyn, Peabody, Martini, and Remington. The first or prize stage of the inquiry is one which now possesses little interest. It afforded, no doubt, an opportunity of obtaining an insight into the merits of various systems,

* In the *Cornhill Magazine* of August, 1867, we gave illustrations and descriptions of these nine rifles.

and of acquiring information and experience generally ; it was interesting, of course, to the competitors ; and it served usefully as a means to an end—the end being the collection of a sufficient number of systems from which to select. But beyond this it had little or no bearing upon the ultimate result. We may, therefore, dispose of it in as few words as possible. The whole of the nine rifles selected to compete failed to attain the qualifying figure of accuracy, and the majority of them fell short of the standard in some other respects. Even when deductions had been made on these accounts, there was considerable difficulty in instituting a fair comparison, owing to the great variety in ammunition and in the calibre of the arms submitted. For example, the celerity of loading and general manipulation of the breech mechanism is influenced greatly by the length of the cartridge, and that depends in a great measure on the calibre of the rifle, and on the charge of powder ; and there is also considerable difficulty and loss of time in loading occasioned by cartridges of inferior manufacture. Accordingly, it was decided that the conclusion must be arrived at solely with reference to the systems as they stood submitted, and to their performances during the trials, without reference to their capabilities of improvement and development, taking each with all its defects in arms or ammunition, even where these defects might have arisen from faults in the details of manufacture. Judged in this way, the arms were placed in the following order:—1st, Henry ; 2nd, Burton (2nd system) ; 3rd, Albini and Braendlin ; 4th, Fosbery ; 5th, Burton (1st system) ; 6th, Peabody ; 7th, Martini ; 8th, Remington ; 9th, Joslyn.

In consequence of all the arms having in one or more respects fallen short of the standard, and because Mr. Henry had neglected to comply with the condition which required pure beeswax to be used for the lubrication, the first prize of 1,000*l.* "for the best arm," was withheld altogether. But the Henry breech-action was deemed superior to that of any of its rivals, and the second, or breech-action prize of 600*l.* was awarded to it. It is important to note that the Martini breech-action failed not on its own account, but because of the failure of its ammunition. The Committee are very precise on this point, which, as the Martini action has now been preferred to the Henry, ought to be thoroughly understood. They say, the Martini failed "entirely owing to defects in ammunition." What these defects were, may be ascertained by reference to other passages in the report. The cartridges were copper rim-fire cartridges, and "they burst repeatedly near the rim," and altogether acquitted themselves so badly, that the mechanism can scarcely be said to have had a chance. It may be urged that as the competition for the 600*l.* prize was one between breech-actions only, the cartridge ought not to have influenced the decision. But the answer to this is, You cannot consider a breech-action independently of its cartridge. The relation between the cartridge and the breech, as we have before pointed out, is so intimate, that, practically, it is impossible to separate them. The cartridge is, in fact, at the moment of firing, a part, and a most important part, of the breech of the gun. If the

cartridge fails, the breech will fail more or less :—more, when the actual safety of the gun depends upon the cartridge, as in the Snider ; less, when only the proper operation of the action is affected, as in the Martini. The cartridge is, in fact, the pivot upon which the success or failure of the breech mechanism in a large measure turns. The due appreciation of this point is one of such fundamental importance in the consideration of this question, that we cannot regret that it has received the striking exemplification which is afforded by the temporary eclipse and disqualification of the Martini, and its subsequent recovery and final remarkable success when provided with a good cartridge.

The competition for the cartridge prize is even less interesting and important than that for the gun prize, since, as we have stated, it was practically limited to one cartridge. "The only ammunition which was considered likely to fulfil the conditions of the War Office advertisement, was that sent in by Mr. Daw." The Committee were further "of opinion that no Government ammunition should be allowed to compete for the prize ;" and as the Boxer Government cartridge was, moreover, "not specially entered for competition," it was not, for a double reason, permitted to receive a prize. Therefore, the 400*l.* prize was awarded to the one cartridge which was deemed eligible to receive it—Mr. Daw's ; but, comparing the Daw cartridge with the Boxer cartridge, the Committee pronounce a distinct opinion that "the present Government pattern is the best ;" and although they thought it proper, for the reasons which we named, to withhold the prize from the latter, they marked their appreciation of its superiority in the most practical manner, by selecting it as the cartridge *par excellence* to be used exclusively in the further experiments of breech-loading arms.

The most valuable result obtained from this first stage of the inquiry appears to us to have been the conclusion which the Committee were able to draw with reference to the inferiority of the paper or consuming cartridge to one made of metal. Whatever doubts may have been entertained on this point were effectually solved by the experience gained in the course of these trials, when every consuming cartridge, to which class the Chassepot and all needle-gun cartridges belong, proved more or less of a failure. Thus, the cartridge element, which in a breech-loader is one of conspicuous importance, became more than half solved ; while the further comparisons which were made between the Government cartridges and those of other patterns, justified, as we have seen, the definitive acceptance of the former as the best—a decision which, at the same time, got rid of the rim-fire class of ammunition. Here, then, was a starting-point for the Committee to work from in their selection of an arm for adoption into the service. But this was not the only point which permitted of present decision. It appeared to the Committee that, "in the manufacture of breech-loaders, accurate shooting had not been considered as attentively as ingenious methods of closing the breech." This was sufficiently shown by the failure of the several competing arms to reach

the standard of accuracy laid down, which was by no means an extravagantly high one. By way, therefore, of clearing the ground, it was resolved to separate the shooting question from the loading question. The first involved the weight of bullet, the bore, grooving, weight, and description of barrel, and other points connected with the delivery of an accurate, far-reaching, effective fire; the second, all those points, such as the nature of cartridge-case and breech mechanism, which have for their object the simple and reliable multiplication of the rate of fire. There is between the two a distinction sufficiently sharp to permit of—or we should say to require—their independent consideration. The rate of loading is no more connected with the character of the fire than is the number of barrels which an arm may possess with the practice which each barrel is capable of making, or than the range of a gun is affected by the number of men engaged in loading it. Therefore, the barrel question and the breech question were very properly and decidedly separated, with the intention, which has now been realized, of afterwards tacking the best barrel and the best breech together, and thus producing an arm for adoption into the service. The difficulty which had become evident in the first stage of the competition, of making any trustworthy comparison between arms of different calibres, induced the Committee to intermit their experimental investigations, with a view to obtaining the evidence of experts on the various points on which a decision had to be arrived at. The evidence received, and which is of the highest value, was fairly concurrent with regard to the principal qualifications required for an efficient military weapon, and the means by which those qualifications were most likely to be obtained. By the light of this evidence and their own experience, the Committee were able to lay down three important elements in the barrel, viz. its length, weight, and calibre. The length was fixed at 35 inches. The weight of the barrel was laid down at 4 lbs. 6 ozs. With regard to calibre, no less than four former reports of the Ordnance Select Committee had pointed to the .45" calibre as the one likely to be the most suitable for the future arm of the British soldier; and fortified by these expressions of opinion, and by the results of their own observations, the Committee decided on adopting this size for the bore of the new arm.

It was further resolved to use a bullet of 480 grains weight, a powder charge of eighty-five grains, and a lubrication of pure beeswax. The soundness of each of these selections admits, no doubt, of discussion; and the wisdom of arbitrarily fixing these conditions at all has even been questioned. But a review of all the circumstances, and a careful examination of the evidence, will probably satisfy an impartial inquirer that the Committee adopted, on the whole, the best and most hopeful course.

Regarding the breech-mechanism question as for the moment not under discussion, we may now follow the Committee in their selection of barrel. It was at first resolved to fit the whole of the barrels submitted with the Snider action; but as this course would have involved some delay,

it was ultimately decided to use for the trials of the barrels the Henry breech, which had already, as we have seen, proved itself so good as to have gained the 600*l.* prize. Accordingly, a circular letter was sent to the makers of the best-known and most successful rifle-barrels, inviting them to send in steel barrels, conforming to the conditions laid down, to be fitted to the Henry mechanism. The gentlemen thus addressed were Messrs. Henry, Lancaster, Metford, Rigby, Westley Richards, and Whitworth; while the Enfield rifling was represented by a .45 and a .5-inch bore, both fitted with the Snider action. Mr. Metford declined to afford his assistance; and Mr. Westley Richards requested, and obtained, permission to use a special cartridge (the Berdan) in preference to the Boxer.

The principal details of the arms and ammunition which entered for this trial, were as follows:—

Name of Arm.	Bore.	Twist.	Number and Description of Grooves.	Cartridge Case.	Bullet.	
					Description.	Largest Diameter.
(1) HENRY	.45" ..	1 in 22" uniform.	Polygonal, 9-sided, with beading or rib at intersection of the planes.	Boxer ..	Solid, hardened, 480 grains.	.45".
(3) WESTLEY RICHARDS.	.45" ..	1 in 21" uniform.	Polygonal, 8-sided.	(1) Boxer (2) Berdan	Solid, hardened, 485 grains.	.44".
(3) LANCASTER.	Oval .. (1) 4.66 (2) 4.51 4.50	1 in 36" at breech, 1 in 20" at muzzle.	Oval	Boxer ..	Solid, hardened, (1) 480 grains, (2) 477 grains.	.45".
(4) WHITWORTH.	.45" ..	1 in 20" uniform.	Hexagonal ..	Do. ..	Hollow base and point, 480 grains.	.443".
(5) RIGBY..	.451" ..	1 in 20" uniform.	Eight broad grooves, leaving corresponding narrow bands or ridges, with rounded edges.	Do. ..	Solid, hardened, 480 grains.	.445".
(6) ENFIELD small-bore.	.45" ..	1 in 20" uniform.	Six segmental shallow grooves, progressively deepening.	Do. ..	Pure lead, hollow head and base, 480 grains.	.449".
(7) ENFIELD half-inch.	.50" ..	1 in 28" uniform.	Seven segmental shallow grooves, becoming progressively shallower.	Do. ..	Do. 440 grains.	.496".

The trials commenced on the 23rd of June last, and were continued at intervals as the barrels were received, which in some instances was not until three or four months afterwards. It is fair, before noticing the results of the accuracy competition, to point out that several of the makers recorded their opinions that the time allowed was insufficient to enable them to do justice to their systems, or to satisfy the problem of

obtaining from good muzzle-loading systems an equal, or approximate, or sufficient degree of accuracy in breech-loaders.

The ranges were 300, 500, 800, and 1,000 yards. For the sake of convenience, three of the guns, the Lancaster, Rigby, and Westley Richards, commenced their practice at the 500 yards range. The results with these guns at this range being unsatisfactory, they were not persevered with at the other distances. This reduced the competition to four barrels, of which three were .45" bores, viz. the Henry, Whitworth, and Enfield; and one was a .5" bore.

The following table gives the best performances of these arms at the four ranges, the results being the averages of five targets, of twenty shots each:—

	300 Yards.		500 Yards.		800 Yards.		1,000 Yards.	
	Figure of Merit.	Mean Elevation.	Figure of Merit.	Mean Elevation.	Figure of Merit.	Mean Elevation.	Figure of Merit.	Mean Elevation.
Henry, .45" ..	.47	0 30 3	0 00	1 8 42	1 85	2 3 57	2 59	2 47 4
Whitworth, .45"	.54	0 40 10	1 07	1 12 3	2 91	2 4 36	Not carried forward to this range.	
Enfield, .45" ..	.51	0 35 42	1 03	1 8 25	2 08	2 2 28	3 55	2 46 21
Do. .50" ..	.59	0 30 28	1 02	1 5 17	2 46	2 13 40	3 96	2 28 19

(In addition, two Westley Richards', with Borden cartridges, were fired; but the results were unsatisfactory.)

Thus, at all the ranges, the Henry was more accurate than its rivals; while in flatness of trajectory, as determined by the clinometer, it was practically equal to the other two .45" rifles, and only slightly excelled at the shorter ranges by the .5". Fired from the shoulder, which for the purpose of determining the trajectory is a more reliable method than firing from the fixed rest, the Henry even at the shorter ranges proved superior to the .5". In the course of this practice it became established that in the Henry rifle no deterioration of shooting resulted from fouling, hitherto a recognized difficulty with .45" bore. Indeed, at the 300 and 800 yards ranges the Henry gave rather better figures uncleaned than it did when cleaned. The Whitworth barrel failed at the shorter ranges. By this trial the competition was reduced to the Henry and the two Enfields. And the superiority of the Henry to the Enfield .45" bore in accuracy was deemed sufficient to warrant its preference. In other words the Henry became established as the best of the .45" bore barrels. But it became necessary to compare it strictly at all points with the .5" bore and the service .577" bore Snider. The results as to initial velocity were as follows:—

	Calculated Mean Initial Velocity.
Henry, .45"	1362.7
Enfield, .50"	1342.7
Snider, .577"	1252.8

Giving another point of advantage to the first-named arm. The penetration trials were peculiarly interesting, and may be summarised as follows:—

Fired through $\frac{1}{2}$ " Elm Planks, 1" apart.

Henry, '45"	Average penetration, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ planks.
Enfield, '50"	Do. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
Snider, '577"	Do. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ "

Fired through 3-inch Balks of dry Fir Timber, placed close together.

—	At 50 Yards.	At 100 Yards.
Henry, '45"	Penetrated 3 balks easily	Penetrated 3 balks, and in two cases out of three penetrated fourth balk.
Enfield, '50"	Stopped by 2nd balk	See results at 50 yards.
Snider, '577"	Do. do.	Do. do.

Fired against an Iron Plate.

—	Plate '261" thick,	Plate '125" thick.
Henry, '45"	Penetrated at 200 yards ; not at 300 yards.	Penetrated at 500 yards.
Enfield, '50"	Penetrated at 100 yards ; not at 150 yards.	} Failed to penetrate at 300 yards.
Snider, '577"	Penetrated at 75 yards ; not at 100 yards.	

Fired against a Rope Mantlet (Four thicknesses of 3-inch Rope).

Henry, '45"	Penetrated at 350 yards ; but not at 400 yards.
Enfield, '50"	" " 50 " 100 "
Snider, '577"	Failed at 50 yards.

Fired at an ordinary Gabion, filled with Earth from a Clay Soil.

Henry, '45"	Penetrated at 10 and 25 yards. Failed at longer distances.
Enfield, '50"	} Failed to penetrate.
Snider, '577"	

The Jones' iron-bound gabion was proof against all.

Fired at a Sap Roller.

Henry, '45"	Penetrated at 10 and 25 yards. Failed at longer distances.
Enfield, '50"	} Failed to penetrate.
Snider, '577"	

Fired at a Sand-bag, containing one bushel of Sand.

Henry, '45"	Penetrated at 10 yards and at 100 yards.
Enfield, '50"	} Failed to penetrate.
Snider, '577"	

Some experiments were also made on the carcase of a dead horse with a view to observing the nature of the wounds inflicted. The bullets of the Henry produced the most severe wounds. Veterinary Surgeon Harrison testifies that "the smaller" (i.e. Henry) "bullets appeared to produce

the most severe fractures of the bones, the larger ones were more disposed to flatten and traverse the soft tissues adjoining the bones." In one instance the Henry bullet penetrated the body of the horse, making a very large lacerated wound on exit. Thus, in accuracy, trajectory, initial velocity and penetration, the Henry was superior, for no special experiments were needed to show that it would shoot better than the service Snider, and it had proved itself better than the .5" bore. The following table gives the relative trajectories of the three arms, supposing the gun to be laid on the ground and fired at the foot of the object:—

—	Safe Distance for Cavalry.	Safe Distance for Cavalry.	Greatest Height of Trajectory.
Henry, .45"	Nil	Between 139 and 396 yards.	8.1 feet.
Enfield, .50"	Between 221 and 325 yards.	Between 123 and 406 yards.	—
Snider, .577"	Between 138 and 400 yards.	Between 92 and 438 yards.	—

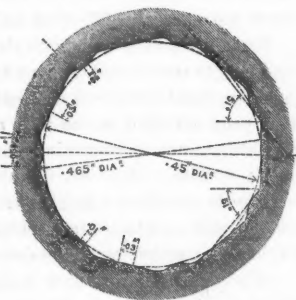
In practice, of course, the margin of safety would be greater, as the rifles would not generally rest on the ground, while aim would most likely be taken at the centre, instead of the foot of the object fired at. But for comparative purposes, the above table is useful.

Lastly, the Henry rifle requires a much less allowance to be made for wind than the .5" or .577" bores. The experiments on this point appear to show that at 1,000 yards, the allowance required for a fresh cross wind with the Henry, is about one half that which is necessary with the larger bores, and proportionately less at the shorter ranges.

As the only point in which the larger bores had an advantage—the reduced length of cartridge—was neutralised by the practical equality in the cubic measurements and weights of the three ammunitions; as on all the other points, the Henry was superior; and as, finally, the endurance of the system of rifling seemed to be thoroughly established by the absence of deterioration when as many as 30,000 rounds were fired from a single barrel, while in cost its production is unlikely to exceed that of the other

arms, the Committee reported that "the Henry barrel, .45" bore, is the most suitable in all respects for the requirements of the service."

Before quite leaving the barrel question, one or two points demand notice. First, in consequence of representations from Mr. Henry that rifles on his system having seven plane sides were equal in shooting qualities to those with nine plane sides, that in power of endurance they



HENRY RIFLING.

were possibly superior, and that the cost of manufacture would probably be slightly less, the Committee, after satisfying themselves on these points, recommended the seven-grooved barrel in preference to the nine-grooved: a course which they were the more willing to adopt as the seven-groove proved to have rather the flatter trajectory.

Some experiments were made with a Henry barrel .4" shorter than was laid down by regulation, and the results were as good as those from the longer barrel. It is a question whether it is now any longer desirable—certainly it appears no longer necessary—to retain the original length of barrel defined for a military arm at a time when a military arm was as much needed for bayonet work as for shooting. The introduction of breech-loaders has largely reduced the military importance of the sword and lance and bayonet; the occasions must henceforth be rare when hand-to-hand contests will be possible; and the reduced weight and superior handiness of a shorter arm would seem to recommend the relaxation of the old traditional rules on this point.

Experiments were made with a lighter bullet of 380 grains, with the object of ascertaining whether the trajectory at the shorter ranges might not be lowered and the ammunition lightened, without occasioning deterioration in accuracy of shooting. It was found that the accuracy of the 380 grain bullet, even at 300 and 400 yards, was sensibly inferior to that of the 480 grain, and its penetration was considerably less. On the other hand, its trajectory at the shorter ranges was slightly less; and the saving of weight on seventy rounds of ammunition was 1 lb. Weighing these advantages and disadvantages,—considering the inconveniences which would attend the employment of two weights of bullets, one for long, and the other for short ranges, and the disadvantage of having a double sighting on the rifles, the 480 grain bullet was ultimately accepted.

Some trials were made with charges of compressed powder, from which good results were hoped, as its adoption would have enabled the cartridge to be considerably reduced in length. But although the compressed powder gave good shooting in the .50" bore, it was not satisfactory in the .45", possibly because sufficient time was not accorded for meeting the conditions of the smaller. However, the compressed powder had to be somewhat reluctantly abandoned; and the reduction in the length of cartridge, if ever effected, will have to be accomplished in some other way, either by enlarging its diameter, or by employing some other material than gunpowder.

Having dealt with those points which connect themselves with the shooting of the arm,—with the delivery of a fire of sufficient range, accuracy, penetrative power, flatness of trajectory, and uniformity under conditions of long-sustained firing, we have to consider the steps by which the selection of the breech was determined—of the arrangement, that is to say, for so facilitating loading as to permit of a fire of this established character being multiplied in its delivery to a rate which would satisfy the requirements of the age, and with safety, certainty, and ease.

The number of breech-loading systems submitted to the Committee

was very great,—considerably over one hundred, if we include late admissions. The general course of experiments to which the rifles were submitted was as follows:—The arms were (1) carefully examined; and (2) if approved, twenty or more shots were fired for rapidity, by which process some test of the simplicity and convenience of manipulation of the arms was obtained, as well as a direct measure of the extreme rate of fire of which the arm was capable. To imitate the conditions of a sand-storm, or of a shower of dirt from a parapet, and of similar and not unfrequent conditions of service, the mechanisms were (3) subjected to a sand test: fine sand being thrown over the actions both open and closed, and the rifle fired without any cleaning except what could be done by hand. (4) Three cartridges, purposely damaged to ensure a serious escape of gas, were fired to test the safety of the arm with imperfect ammunition. Here we may notice that the Committee had, very properly, set their faces hard against the admission of an arm which was liable to have the breech blown open under a test of this sort, and in an early stage of the competition they rejected the Roden-Snider on this account. (5) If the arm satisfied the first four tests, it was subjected to an exposure test of great severity, a hundred rounds being fired on four consecutive days, the rifle being left in the open air exposed to rain,—water being artificially applied during the intervals, and the breech being left alternately open and closed. After this the rifle was exposed during three or four days and nights, and again fired to test its condition. (6) Finally, it was taken to pieces and examined. Arms on the bolt system were subjected to an extra trial, which was designed to test a special weakness to which this system is considered liable. Cartridges, made purposely sensitive, by omitting the safety shoulders on the anvil, by using a short cap (which came to the same thing), by increasing the length of the anvil, by increasing the quantity of detonating composition, &c., and thus imitating defects which might possibly, although rarely, occur in the manufacture of large quantities of ammunition, were jammed in the breech, and the bolt pushed forcibly against them, the liability of the arm to cause a premature explosion under these circumstances being noted. It will be admitted that a rifle which is capable of sustaining these various trials, which is rapid and simple in its action, which exhibits no inherent mechanical imperfection, which is not too costly, and which is capable of sustaining long-continued firing without injury, is *prima facie* likely to be equal to the requirements of the service. Let us now observe how the selection of such an arm was arrived at.

The preliminary examination had sufficed to eliminate as obviously unsound or unpractical a large number of the inventions. There remained, however, three classes of rifles which seem to merit further consideration. There were, first, the nine arms which had competed for the prize, and which have been already named. There were, secondly, those which were disqualified for the prize competition, but which had been set aside as entitled to further consideration. These were eleven in number, as follows:—Berdan, Carter and Edwards, Fosbery (No. 4),

Greve and Dowling, Hammond, Needham, Poulteney, Westley Richards (two systems), Sharp, Wilson. There were, thirdly, forty-five arms which had been submitted after the first report of the Committee had been rendered, and which it is unnecessary here to name. Among them were the French Chassepot and the Austrian Werndle, together with other rifles of considerable celebrity. A careful selection, and the observation of the performances of the arms under some of the preliminary trials, justified the extensive reduction of these lists, until there finally remained only ten rifles, as follows:—Bacon, Berdan, Carter and Edwards, Henry, Kerr, Martini, Money Walker, Westley Richards (two systems), and Wilson,—some of which were retained, less because of their intrinsic merit, than because their late entries had precluded the possibility of sufficient preliminary trials. Of these guns, the Bacon, Carter and Edwards, Kerr and Wilson, represented the bolt system, the remainder represented the block. During the subsequent trials, two accidents occurred with bolt guns: one with the Bacon, the other with the Wilson; and when the defective cartridges which had been purposely supplied for experiments with this class of gun came to be used, the Bacon, Wilson, and Kerr rifles showed that under these exceptional circumstances they were capable of exploding the cartridge prematurely. The Bacon did actually thus explode a cartridge; the Kerr and Wilson indented the caps. This left only the Carter and Edwards, but evidence before the Committee led to their rejection of this gun as being liable to the remote contingency, common, probably, to all bolt guns, of exploding a cartridge simply by the blow delivered by the bolt on its base. It is stated that in some instances even the fall of a cartridge with over-sensitive cap or non-safety anvil, upon the floor of the factory, has produced an explosion; such cartridges jamming in the breech of a bolt gun would, it is reasonable to assume, in a certain proportion of cases, be almost certainly fired. On account of this element of danger—an element more or less present in all bolt guns, according to their construction—the Committee eventually rejected this class of breech-action altogether. We need, therefore, only follow the fortunes of the six block guns. In the rapidity trials, they were placed in the following order:—

		Bore.	Min.
1st.	Westley Richards (elevating block)	·45 inch	20 rounds in 1.0
2nd.	Martini	·433 "	Do. 1.2
	{ Henry	·45 "	Do. 1.7
3rd.	{ Westley Richards (falling block)	·45 "	Do. 1.7
4th.	Berdan	·45 "	Do. 1.10
5th.	Money Walker	·5 "	Do. 1.14

In the damaged-cartridge and sand tests all the arms acquitted themselves satisfactorily. In the exposure tests the Berdan, Westley Richards (elevating block), and the Money Walker, became decidedly unserviceable; and the other Westley Richards went very near to breaking down. This trial practically reduced the competition to the Henry and Martini, and of these the Martini gave the better performance, having been found in perfect order at the close of the experiment, while two springs of the Henry were broken. In all the trials after the close of the prize com-

petition, the Martini had been fired with the Boxer cartridge-case and a compressed powder charge; and to the former its very different performance, as compared with that in the prize trials when copper cartridges were used, was entirely due, forcibly illustrating the soundness of the position upon which we have ever insisted, as to the paramount importance of the cartridge element. But, as it had by this time been discovered that loose powder was preferable as regards accuracy, to compressed powder, for .45" bores, it became necessary to test the Martini with a longer loose-powder cartridge-case, and fitted to a .45" barrel. An arm adapted to these conditions was supplied and passed successfully through the rapidity, sand, damaged-cartridge, and exposure tests. The rapidity attained exceeded that of any of the other arms, being twenty rounds in fifty-three seconds, after a week's exposure to rain and artificial applications of water, and to firing at intervals during this period, 400 rounds. The arm, uncleaned, fired twenty rounds in one minute three seconds; so that it was evident that the Martini action was equally adapted to the long or short cartridge, and it was therefore placed in direct competition with the Henry. A comparison was carefully taken between the two on the essential points of safety, strength, number and simplicity of parts, facility of manipulation, and cost. Under the heads of safety and strength, both arms were considered equal. In regard to the number and simplicity of parts, the Martini has the advantage. It has only thirty parts,* against forty-nine in the Henry; while the extractor plate soldered on to the barrel of the latter arm is also considered a disadvantage. In facility of manipulation, the Martini, owing to the absence of a hammer, has the advantage. And in the Henry there is the possibility,—as was discovered during the trials,—of placing the cartridge in front of the extractor, and thus temporarily disabling the arm. Finally, the Martini is stated to be rather the cheaper arm of the two. Moreover, the committee prefer a gun without, to one with, a side lock, in consequence of the occasional liability of the lock to become "wood-bound" when exposed to wet, to say nothing of the additional operations and the multiplication of parts entailed.

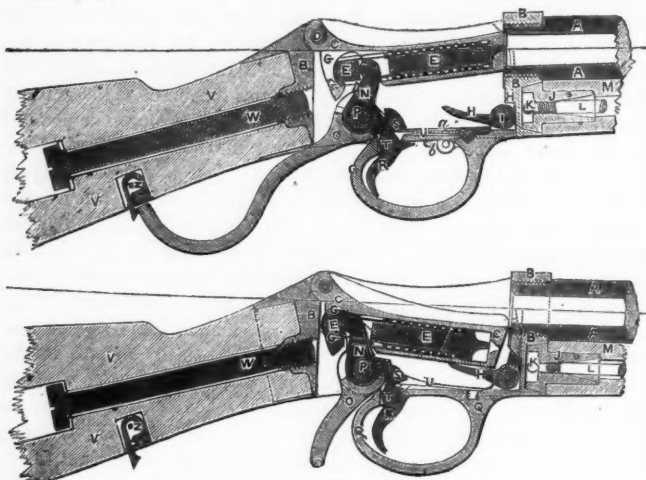
Thus it came about that the Martini action was in the end preferred to the Henry, and as it is safer than the Snider action without safety-bolt, and stronger, has fewer parts, (the Snider without safety-bolt has thirty-nine,) is quicker and more easy to manipulate, and costs less: the Martini system of breech mechanism was ultimately recommended for adoption for the future arm. This result is one which we receive with satisfaction, the more so perhaps because, as far back as August, 1867, we ventured to name the Martini as, in our opinion, the best of the competing arms.†

The cartridge presents all the advantages which have given the service cartridge its high position, such as strength, capability of sustaining rough

* Now reduced, by a simplification and improvement of the indicator, to 27.

† "If we may venture to express an opinion without an exhaustive trial of the arms, we must award the palm to the Martini and Peabody guns, with a preference for the former, on account of the suppression of the lock."—*Cornhill Magazine*, August, 1867.

usage and resisting damp, facility of extraction, non-liability to explosion *en masse*, &c.



AA Barrel.
BB Body.
CC Block.
D Block axis-pin.
E Striker.
F Main-spring.
G Stop-nut.
H Extractor.
I Extractor axis-pin.
J Rod and fore-end holder.

K Rod and fore-end holder screw.
L Ramrod.
M Stock, fore-end.
N Tumbler.
O Lever.
P Lever and tumbler axis-pin.
Q Trigger-plate and guard.
R Trigger.

S Tumbler-rest.
T Trigger and rest axis-pin.
U Trigger and rest-spring.
V Stock-butt.
W Stock-bolt washer.
Z Lever catch bolt, spring, and pin.
a Locking-bolt.
b Thumb-piece.

SECTIONS OF MARTINI BREECH-ACTION.

It now only remained to wed the Martini action to the Henry barrel. The ceremony was successfully performed at Enfield about the beginning of the present year, and four Henry-Martini arms, with a supply of ammunition, were furnished for further experiment. It may be interesting here to give the results of the final trials of the complete arm :

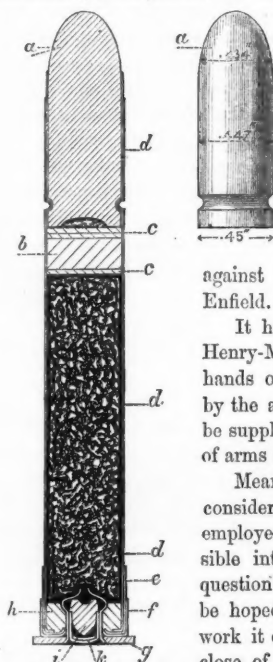
Range.	Mean Figure of Five Targets of 20 Shots each.	Best Figure obtained.	Angle of Elevation.
	Feet.	Feet.	° ' "
300 yards	57	47	0 38 34
500 "	95	79	1 1 26
800 "	163	129	2 2 29
1,000 "	280	219	2 38 26
1,200 "	346	228	3 55 34

Rate of fire attained, without taking aim, 20 rounds in 48 seconds.

Riflemen will know how to appreciate these figures, which represent the capabilities of the proposed weapon, and which, we hope, will be at least approximately approached when the arms are supplied in large numbers.

A very few words, added to the accompanying drawings of the new

rifle, will suffice to describe the breech-action. The breech is closed by a block which swings on a pin passing through the upper rear end of the shoe, the recoil being taken by the shoe.* The cartridge is exploded by a direct acting piston, which is driven by the action of a strong spiral spring within the breech-block. This block is acted on by a lever to the rear of the trigger-guard. The act of pushing the lever forward causes the block to fall, the spring to be compressed, and the empty cartridge-case to be ejected. On drawing back the lever the block is raised so as to close the breech, and the arm is ready to be fired. It is provided with a safety-bolt, which we are inclined to think might, perhaps, be advantageously dispensed with. The indicator at the side shows if the arm is cocked or not. The details of the ammunition are, with the exception of the bullet and lubricating arrangement, so similar to those of the service cartridge, that they need no further description than is afforded by the sketch.



- aa Bullet (lead and tin).
 b Beeswax lubricating wad.
 cc Discs of thin cardboard.
 dd Brass coiled cartridge-case.
 e Inner base cup.
 f Outer base cup.
 g Iron base disc.
 h Taper malle wad.
 i Anvil.
 k Percussion cap.

The barrel, rifling, &c. have been described above. In order to facilitate shooting, an improved sight, similar to that known as the "Whitworth sight," has been adopted (see drawing of arm). The total cost of the new weapon is estimated at 2*l.* 18*s.* 9*d.*, as against 2*l.* 13*s.* 2*d.* Its weight is 9 lbs. 4½ ozs., against 9 lbs. 2 ozs., for the service Snider-Enfield.

It has been properly determined to give the Henry-Martini a rough, practical trial, in the hands of soldiers, before finally adopting it; and by the autumn about 200 arms (hand-made), will be supplied, and early next year a greater number of arms made by machinery.

Meanwhile, a few questions remain open for consideration, such as the nature of bayonet to be employed, the description of powder, and the possible introduction of gun-cotton. The last is a question of considerable importance, and it is to be hoped that a serious attempt will be made to work it out thoroughly. It is impossible, at the close of a long article, to discuss the merits of gun-cotton as a propellant agent; but chief among the advantages which would result from its introduction are, the absence of smoke, and the reduction in the length and bulk of the cartridge. But as yet gun-cotton is not ripe for adoption; not that

* This point has been thoroughly established, practically and theoretically. There is no strain on either the block-pin or lever-pin.

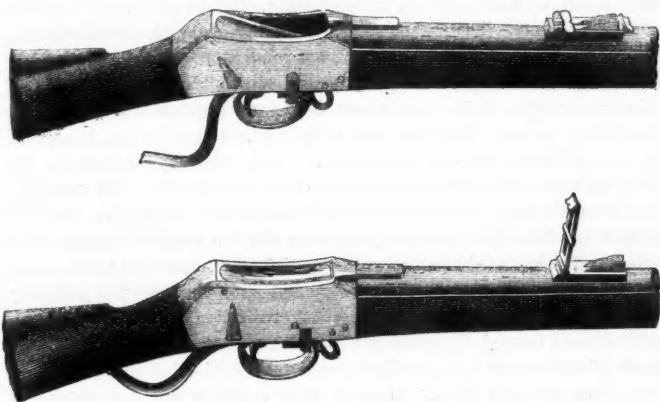
the material, as now made, is dangerous or uncertain, but because the precise details of manufacture by which its explosive power can be regulated or applied to the best advantage, have not yet been determined with sufficient accuracy to admit of its use in an arm of precision. Confident opinions have, however, been pronounced by men qualified to judge, as to the ultimate possibility of employing it, and we trust that those opinions will hereafter be justified.

Our remarks have extended to so great a length that we cannot afford the space to consider the various objections which have been urged against the new arm. Perhaps it is scarcely necessary to do so in view of the fact that the weapon will not be adopted until it has proved itself in the hands of troops experimentally armed with it practically efficient. If these objections have any force, they can hardly fail to be confirmed in the forthcoming trials. We may say, however, that of these objections the only one which appears to merit serious consideration is the question of a spiral spring; but this appears to be more than half answered by the successful performances of the Snider, which contains no less than three spiral springs, in the cold of Canada, the heat of India, and the variable temperature of Abyssinia; by the fact that the French and Prussians both employ spiral springs as the essential principle of action of their military arms, and that they show no disposition to abandon this element, whatever other changes may be made in their army; and by the absence of any appearance of failure in this spring throughout the long and severe trials of the Martini. Further, it may be added, by way of general remark, that "the breech mechanism has been submitted to the examination of practical mechanics, who have expressed their opinion that the construction and fitting of the several parts is mechanically correct."

Together with the other breech-loaders some repeating rifles were submitted to the Committee, but they were none of them sufficiently perfect to justify their adoption. Moreover, the practical value of repeaters has diminished in proportion as the rapidity of fire of single breech-loaders has increased, and the rate attainable with the Martini is so great that the circumstances would be exceedingly rare in which it would be necessary to increase it. But in case it would be considered desirable to introduce repeaters for special use, the Winchester arm appears to be the most hopeful specimen, and it is probable that further trials will be made with this weapon.

One word in conclusion: we now appear to be in a fair way to the adoption of a breech-loader likely to meet all possible requirements in respect of rapidity, accuracy, range, simplicity and strength. This result has been arrived at after an elaborate and not inexpensive series of trials. Meanwhile, other nations have not been idle; and the broad result will be the development of military small-arm fire to an extent exceeding all former experience. Ought we to stop here? Clearly not; and the next step, a step which should be no longer delayed, appears to be

sufficiently obvious. We must now strive to protect our troops from the deadly fire which will henceforth be brought to bear upon them. In its way, this is no less important than the adoption of an efficient arm ; but hitherto, this branch of the subject has been strangely neglected. Abroad it is not neglected—nearly all the great Continental armies are busy instructing their troops in the art of seeking and obtaining cover. This is to be done in two ways : by the improvement of the skirmishing drill, and by the adoption of an efficient and ready system of field entrenchment. Under the first head we include the necessity of teaching our soldiers that a man who exposes his whole body, who neglects to take advantage of every stone and tree and sheltering undulation, who is not apt in shifts and devices which have hitherto been considered more characteristic of an "Alabama duel," than of formal military operations, is a marked, and probably a lost man. Under the second head, we hope ere long to see a serious attempt made to organize a system of spade drill, and to teach battalions to improvise cover when nature does not afford it. If we neglect these precautions we may as well throw our breech-loaders aside ; for, under these circumstances, the best breech-loader in the world will fail to avert disaster and defeat.



HENRY-MARTINI RIFLE.

The Etruscans, the English of Antiquity.

Of all the old peoples of Italy that have made a mark in history, leaving an impress on modern civilization, none interest more than the Etruscans. They have left a written language which no one can read; stupendous public works which time fails to destroy; and a rich and suggestive art, frail often in material, but exquisite in workmanship, which the grave has preserved during a silence of nearly thirty centuries. Everywhere their cities crowned the most picturesque and impregnable mountain sites, rejoicing in varied views, pure air, and excessive climbing, as greatly as modern towns delight in the easy access, heavy atmosphere, and cramped scenery of the lowlands.

Their inhabitants were a strong-limbed, broad-headed, industrious race, given to road-building, sewer-making, canal-digging, and nature-taming generally. They were religious too, commercial, manufacturing, keen of business, of course luxurious, not wholly unmindful of beauty, but preferring the strength and comfort that comes of a practical view of things: a people in the end whose hard-earned riches and long-tested mechanical science failed to save their political being when imperilled by an ambitious, war-like neighbour. Still, though subdued in the field, their arts and civil polity conquered the conquerors. For centuries they ruled the seas, and were the great wave-lords of antiquity. English in their maritime skill and force, they were like the English in many other habits and points of character, especially in their fondness for horse-racing and pugilistic encounters. Their origin is lost in the remotest antiquity of the East. Nevertheless, their earliest civilization comes to us indubitably filtered through Egyptian and Assyrian sources. What we dig up of their primitive work has a decided look of the Nile—that prolific mother of antique arts and ideas. Many of their paintings and sculptures bear also a strong likeness to those of Nineveh.

Independently of other inducements, it is worth while to make the tour of the ancient cities of Etruria on account of the loveliness of their situations and the varied beauty of the landscape encircling them. Take, for instance, Volterra, set on high, overlooking the Mediterranean, the fertile Pisan territory, and a Plutonic tract of country at its feet, split and warped into savage fury of chasm and nakedness by internal fires. Its situation marks it finally for a doom as tragic as that of the cities of the Plain; indeed one more dramatic,—for it will be thrown down from its towering height into a bottomless quicksand below, which is swallowing in immense mouthfuls the mountain on which it stands,

Having already engulfed the Church of St. Giusti, it has reached on the north the ancient walls of the Badia, from which the monks have fled in dismay, leaving their remarkable cloisters trembling on the brink of a precipice of sand five hundred to a thousand feet deep, which leans over a treacherous abyss of hidden waters, sapping the unsolid earth above them with relentless energy. Each year the distance between the precipice and the city is growing less, yet it seems fascinated by the peril. The massive walls which have stood firmly on their foundations three thousand years may help induce a feeling of security in their ability to outlive this enemy as they have all others. But the contrast in sensations is most startling when, after following their circuit for miles in wonder at their hugeness, one comes at a single step upon this tremendous undermining of a mountain which, at an unexpected moment, is destined not merely to leave no one stone of them on another, but to bury them for ever from human sight, and with them the people who trusted to their strength for safety. It is an impressive spectacle, not only of the transitoriness of all human work, but of those agencies which are preparing the earth for new forms and species of existence. I comprehend sleeping quietly on the edge of a volcano or during a battle, for there the elements of death have in them that of the sublime, which puts the spirit on a level with the occasion; but the thought of the prolonged, helpless strangulation of a whole city irresistibly sucked into the bowels of the earth, is awful. No heroisms can avail in burial alive, and no human sacrifice can avert the destruction after Nature has sounded the signal of doom. Yet with a degree of stupidity which seems past belief, the Volterrians once refused to permit an enterprising citizen of Leghorn to save their city by draining off the encroaching waters while there was time, on condition of having for himself the land he reclaimed from devastation. Possibly they feared the loss of one of their "sights," which are food and raiment to the poor of Italian cities in general, each inhabitant consoling himself with the reflection, "after me the flood." The "sight" certainly is one not to be met in other parts. Go to see it, but do not tarry long.

Orvieto is as firmly as Volterra is loosely placed, on its foundation of rock. Following the circuit of the perpendicular precipice on which the town stands, its walls rise many hundred feet in parts, in as straight a line as if all built up of masonry. Perugia struggles in a vagabond manner along the crests of several hills or terraces, evincing a desire to get into the rich valleys below. Chiusi with a glorious outlook over two lakes, girt around with a green swell of mountains, whose olive-grounds and vineyards rise and fall until they dash their fragrance against its ugly walls, shows like a dark spot in the bountiful nature around it. The kingly virtues of Persenna are as much lost sight of in his now beggarly capital as is his famous tomb, once a wonder of the world. But what else can be in a nest of excavators whose most productive industry lies in rifling ancestral tombs and fleecing the visitor; not to speak of the dubious reputation of the place as an

entrepôt for the sale of false antiquities. My landlord could not give a morsel of meat to eat that the teeth could penetrate, but he had to offer his museum of Etruscan antiquities for the modest sum of fifty thousand francs. The ascent to the bedrooms was guarded by a long lugubrious line of cinerary urns, remarkable only for their archaic coarseness. Chiusi is neither clean, cheerful, nor comfortable, but it has its special attractions and much genuine art remaining, although its best museum the Casaciuni has been sold to the city of Palermo.

The Maremma is a vast cemetery of Etruscan cities, but disease and desolation have replaced their once vigorous commercial life. Scarcely a spadeful of earth can be turned up without disturbing the dust of their inhabitants. The same picturesque choice of sites of towns obtains here as elsewhere. Cortona is the queen of them all, though Citta-della-Pieve, garlanded with oak and chestnut forests, looks on a landscape not so diversified but in some details more exquisitely lovely.

I wish I could credit the founders of Etruscan cities with a love of the beautiful in nature in regard to the situations they selected. But I fear they had no greater liking this way than modern Italians. Sanitary considerations and personal security led them up the hills to live and to girt themselves around with solid walls. The plains were damp and unwholesome before they were drained and planted. Still in "locating" as they did, and in disposing their walls and gateways, they must have obeyed a latent instinct of beauty even in a land where nature is so bountiful that it is difficult to go amiss in laying the foundations either of a house or a town. We find in them all a varied succession of surprising views which could scarcely be more completely pleasurable had the sites of their cities been specially chosen with this end.

In treating of Etruscan art, it is not necessary to specify its antiquarian distinctions, but only its general characteristics. The best way to get at these is to study the contents of the tombs. They were excavated and built much after the plan of the dwellings of the living, with a similar disposition of chambers or halls, corresponding to the room required for the dead, except when they took the form of mausoleums or monuments, and were made immense labyrinthian structures, whose ruins now seem more the work of nature than of man. Interiorly they were lavishly decorated with painting and sculpture in relief on the walls and ceilings. When first opened, these decorations are quite fresh and perfect. After an experience of the ghastly relics of modern sepulchres, it is with pleased astonishment one enters for the first time an Etruscan house of the dead. If it be a sepulchre hitherto undisturbed, the visitor finds himself, or he can easily so imagine, in the presence of the original proprietors. The apartments opening one into another have a look of domestic life, while the ornamentation is not confined to mythological or symbolical subjects; but is intermingled with scenes of social festivity, games, pic-nics, races, theatrical exhibitions, and whatever they enjoyed in their everyday world; thus indicating that they fancied they were entering upon a new life corre-

sponding in many particulars with their old. It is another form of the Indian notion of new and better hunting-grounds in the land of the Great Spirit. But the good or evil past had much to do in their minds with the reception that awaited them. Guardian genii, effigies of the avengers of wrong, protectors of the good, symbols of immortality, occult doctrines put into pictorial life, these looked down on them from carved roofs and frescoed walls, which were further secured from wanton sacrilege at the hands of the living by figures of monstrous serpents and demon heads, or the snake-entwined visage of the terrible Medusa. There was so much of value to tempt the cupidity of even the heirs in the tombs of the wealthy, that it was necessary to render them awful as well as sacred to the common imagination. Indeed, there is room for believing that, while in some instances deposits of jewels and other costly objects were made in compliance with the religious customs, they were afterwards covertly withdrawn by means of a secret entrance known only to the persons interested, if not of the family itself; perhaps left expressly by conscience-hardened workmen for the sake of plunder. But, as enough has been already secured by modern excavators to stock the principal museums of Europe, it proves that the practice of burying treasures of art was in general respected among the old Etruscans, who, doubtless thinking to need them again, wished to have them within their ghostly reach.

On entering a tomb at Volterra, I was surprised to see wine and food on one of the urns in the centre. I asked the peasant-woman,—whose flickering torch cast a mysterious shadowy light over the pale figures that looked up to us out of great staring eyes, with their libation-cups or *patera* held invitingly out, as if to be filled,—if the spirits of her ancestors still thirsted for the warm drink of their native hills. “Oh, no,” she said, “we put it here to cool for ourselves.” It seems one must come to Italy to learn best how to utilize the grave-chill otherwise than as a moral refrigerator or theological bugbear.

If the tomb be anterior to the Roman fashion of burning the corpses, we often find the noble lady or great officer laid out in state on bronze biers and funeral couches, looking as in life, with their jewellery or armour on them, as prompt, to all appearance, for the pursuits of love or war as ever. Their favourite furniture, vases, bronzes, articles of toilet, and sometimes children's toys—the pet dolls and engraved primers—are placed about them ready for instant use. A few minutes' exposure to the air reduces the bodies to dust; but the records of their personal tastes and habits remain. The family scene of some of the sepulchres is made more real by rows of portrait statues in various attitudes placed on urns of sarcophagi, and arranged in order around the chamber, very much after the manner of a fashionable reception. In those days, guests more often reclined at banquets than sat upright. We see them, therefore, commonly in that position, and if husband and wife, decorously embracing or caressing, the arm of the man thrown lovingly over the shoulder of the partner of his home. Each is draped as in life, wearing their usual ornaments

and insignia of rank. The base, which contains the ashes or bodies, is elaborately sculptured, sometimes in full relief, with mythological or historical scenes, or symbols and events relating to the deceased persons. The oldest and most common of these cinerary urns are coarsely painted and modelled in terra-cotta ; but the finer are done in marble or alabaster, under Grecian influence, with occasional gilding.

These tombs are the libraries and museums of Etruscan history. Without them, not only would there have been important gaps in the annals of the people, and, indeed, all real knowledge of their life lost, but modern art would also have missed its most graceful and precious models and patterns in bronze, jewellery, and plastic materials in general. These offer a most needed contrast to the graceless, clumsy, meaningless, or vicious styles of ornament which prevailed after the loss of mediæval art, and before a revival of the knowledge of the pure forms of the antique Grecian taught us what beauty really is. We may estimate the extent to which the manufacture of artistic objects was carried by this people by the fact that from the small town of Volsinium, the modern Bolsena, Flavius Flaccus carried off to Rome 2,000 bronze statues. It is believed by many that the Etruscans were superior to the Greeks in the working of bronze, or anticipated them in perfecting it and the making of fictile vases. Each nation possessed a consummate art of its own, the origin of which in either was equally archaic and rude, while in time both styles in Italy became so intermingled that it requires a practised eye to discriminate between them, especially after Greek colonies settled in Southern Italy and their artists were employed throughout the peninsula.

Etruscan art proper is as thoroughly characteristic and indigenous as is the Greek ; but instead of a keen sense of beauty as its animating motive, there was a love of fact. It is essentially realistic, delighting in vigour and strength, and in telling its story plainly and forcibly, rather than with grace and elegance of expression. Before it was subjected to Greek influence, it was more or less heavy and exaggerated, with an unwitting tendency to the grotesque, faulty in detail, often coarse, but always expressive, emphatic, and sincere. Ignoring the extreme principles of Greek selection, it takes more to common nature as its guide. Nevertheless, it has a lofty idealism, or, more properly speaking, creative faculty of its own, which, as we shall see in its best art, inspires its natural truth with a feeling of the sublime. This supernal mystical element, which it has always exhibited, comes of the Oriental blood of the race. Grecian art is poetry ; Etruscan, eloquence. Homer inspires both ; but the difference between them in rendering the same thought is very obvious.

I find an essential distinction in their ideas of death and the future life, as interpreted by their sepulchral art. Apparently the Greek was so absorbed in his sensuous enjoyment, or so shaken in his earlier faiths by the varied teachings of his schools of philosophy, that he formed no very precise notions of his condition after death. In its most spiritual aspect

it was vague and shadowy, very beautiful and poetical in the interior sense of some of his myths, but lacking the exhortative and punitive character of the more fixed and sterner Egyptian and Etruscan dogmas. Respect for the gods, beauty, heroism, enjoyment, leaving the hereafter to expound itself, or viewing it fancifully; these were in the main the sentiments and feelings at the bottom of Greek theology. But the Etruscan was far more practical and positive, notwithstanding the large admixture of Oriental mysticism in his belief. Indeed this positiveness may be traced back to a strong element of unquestioning faith in Asiatic ancestors, whose imaginations were extremely susceptible to the spiritual influences of unseen powers, and were also opposed to the pantheistic ideas of the more intellectual Greeks. None had it stronger than the Persians and Jews. Descending from them it rooted itself deeply in the creeds of Christendom—firmest and severest in Protestantism. As all know, whenever it has come in collision with science, religion is apt to require the latter to give way, or be denounced as heretical. In this connection it is interesting to note how far the Etruscan idea of the future coincides with Christian ethics.

The joyous reliance on his fancy which contented his neighbour evidently did not satisfy the conscience of the Etruscan. Like the more northern races, whose harshest doctrines find speech in the diabolism of Calvinistic theology, he, too, must have a positive, material hell, with suitable demons, but with the special and noteworthy difference that his final doom was not a question of faith only, but of works. His good and evil deeds were accurately weighed by the infallible judges, and he was sentenced accordingly. Etruscan tomb-sculpture is much taken up by these solemn scenes. At the door leading to eternal torment sits an expectant fiend, and directly opposite is the entrance to the regions of happiness, guarded by a good angel. These await the decision of the fate of the soul on trial, which is attended by the good and evil genii, which were supposed to be ever present with the living. The demonism of Etruria is sterner and less mystical than the Egyptian, although not as frightful as that of mediæval Christendom. Images of terror, however, are common, and made as ugly and repulsive as those of an opposite character are made handsome and attractive. Still Typhon, one of the angels of death is a beauty in comparison with his more modern namesake, and even big-eared, heavy-limbed Charon, with his fatal hammer, is mild and pleasing, beside Spinello's Beelzebub. Their most successful attempts at ferocious ugliness arrive only at a grotesque exaggeration of the negro physiognomy in a form of the ordinary human shape. Serpents figure largely in these paintings, but as often in a good as a bad sense, as the symbol of eternity. The important truth that we find in them is the recognition of an immediate judgment passed on the soul after death, and the substantiality of the rewards or punishment awaiting it.

The Etruscans were eminently a domestic people of warm, social affections. Woman evidently was held in equal esteem to men. Every-

where she shares his cares and pleasures. The position of wife is one of the highest honour and influence, subordinated to no accomplished class of courtesans as in Greece, nor accompanied by the great laxity of manners that at a subsequent period defiled Rome. Indeed, Etruscan art is singularly pure and serious, except as it borrowed from foreign sources its dissolute Bacchic rites. But these were never very popular. Their artists prefer exhibiting the natural sentiments and emotions with a touching simplicity of positive treatment. A favourite subject was the death-parting of families. Husband or wife, lover or friend, embrace or shake hands tenderly, the dying with an elevated expression of resignation and hope, the survivors with a quiet grief that bespeaks a conviction of future reunion. Children weep around, or are held to the dying lips to take a last kiss; the pet dog watches sympathetically the sorrowful scene; hired mourners perform their functions, and the whole spectacle is serious and impressive. The dignified courtesy manifested by the principals in these farewells shows that no doctrinal despair poisoned their latest hour on earth, but rather that they looked upon the separation as one does a call to a necessary journey. A spirit horse for the man, or a chariot for the woman, with winged attendants, are always depicted quietly waiting outside the house until their services are needed for the journey to the new country. If death has already occurred their torches are reversed. The Greeks loved to look on death in a sensuously beautiful shape, like Endymion sleeping, or Hylas borne off by water-nymphs. They sought to disguise to themselves its painful and dismal features. Death was best regarded as a sweet slumber or a delightful ravishment. An Etruscan shielded his senses by no such poetical expedients. He felt it was a real journey to a new life, and so represented it for good or bad on the evidence of his actual character. His artistic creations to people the world which opened itself to his dying view were not merely men deified and super-sensuous, but a distinct, supernal race with attributes corresponding to their spiritual functions. What his devils were we have seen; his genii, furies, and other celestial powers were grand in idea, often sublime in creation, and as well as he knew to make them, beautiful; more elevated in conception and functions than those of the Grecian mythology; fit precursors of the angels and archangels of Giotto, Orgagna and Luca Signorelli. In truth mediæval art had but little to do to adjust this phase of the Etruscan to its own purpose. The infant Jupiter in the arms of his nurse as seen in the Campagna bas-reliefs is the legitimate model in motive and grouping of subsequent Madonnas and Bambinos. But the most striking of their supernal creations are the two so-called female furies which guard the portal of the principal sarcophagus of the Volunni sepulchre near Perugia.

The contents of this family vault merit attention because of their pure Etruscan character and feeling in the best time of their art, when its native strength was tempered by the Grecian sense of the beautiful. Several generations of the Volumnii are found deposited here in elegant

urns, all admirable as art, but especially the two that face the visitor as he enters the principal chamber. One contains the ashes of the chief of his family, the other, the remains of a lady of the same name of high distinction. Both these monuments are remarkable for extreme simplicity, purity of style, breadth of design, and refined adaptation to their honoured purpose. The man lies in a semi-upright posture, with head upraised on a richly draped couch. He is not dead, as we moderns persist in representing our departed friends, as if we were disbelievers in the doctrine of immortality, leaving on the spectator's mind only a disagreeable impression of material dissolution; nor does he sleep, as the mediævalists in better taste and feeling represent their dead, while calmly waiting the universal resurrection; but with greater truth than either, he lives.

This characteristic vitality of the Etruscan effigies is worthy of observation in two respects. First, it displays the skill of their artists in rendering individual likeness,—making their figures natural without diminishing aught of the solemnity of their purpose. They are the veritable persons they represent, receiving us moderns with the same polite dignity which would have distinguished them had our call been two thousand years earlier, while they were still in the flesh. Secondly, we learn from it that they believed their dead entered at once on a new life without any intermediate sleep or purgatorial probation. I interpret the Etruscan in his tomb to mean that he still regarded himself in all respects as his old identical earthly self called to a new part in life, but retaining every original characteristic and experience, and holding that future changes in him must be the result of processes of growth and development in accordance with laws analogous to those that regulated the formation of his personality on earth. Meantime he remains himself and none other at our gracious service, if I read the lesson in stone aright. It seems to me that the Pagan Etruscans recognized this vital principle of creation more decidedly, or at all events more practically, than we Christians do. They may have sensualized their faith in immortality overmuch by their funeral feasts, games, and music, or other exhibitions of their enjoyment of the good things of life, with the evident expectation of something corresponding to these pleasures and honours hereafter. But, as the moral qualities of the departed were made the test of his spiritual condition, the lesson was a salutary and hopeful one. The base of the chief monument of the Volumni is, to my apprehension, as completely a spiritualized motive in art of this sort as exists, uniting consummate simplicity of treatment to a suavity of character, excelled only in this respect by Blake's design of Death's door, which is the highest conception in the most chaste and suggestive form that the Christian mind has yet achieved to embody its idea of eternal life. The figures do not so much express the new birth as the mysteries attending it. On each side of the door, which represents the passage from the tomb to the life beyond, sits a colossal, winged female figure, in whom the nobility of both

sexes is harmoniously united, devoid of any sexual feeling proper, chastely draped, wearing sandals, a burning torch uplifted in one hand, the other slightly turned towards the door, and with an expression that seems to penetrate the secrets of eternity. I say colossal figures, though in reality they are very small, but so grand is their treatment that nothing actually colossal as to size excels the impression they make of supernal force and functions. They are in a sitting attitude, with the feet drawn up and crossed; but the artist has succeeded in giving them a self-supporting look, and also of taking away from the spectator the feeling that they could need any material support. As they will they are in rest or motion. This is a real sublimity of art, because it diverts the mind from thought of material laws to sole cognizance of its loftiest spiritual functions. In this subtle superiority of spirit over matter, these figures, perhaps, surpass the sculptures of Michael Angelo, and in other respects are akin to his extraordinary power, devoid of the physical exaggeration which obtains in so much of his work, but which further stamps him as a genuine descendant of ancient Etruscan masters now unknown to us by name. Even with his finest symbolical statues, Night and Day, it is difficult, on first view, to get rid of an unwelcome sense of weight, size, and solidity, though this finally disappears as their full meaning and nobleness flow into the mind. The superiority of their Etruscan prototypes is manifest at once from the fact that they suggest nothing below the standard of their conception. We feel the trembling awe of the four shadowy figures, now dimly seen, issuing from the tomb with an anxious, inquiring look at the mystical guardians of the gates of Eternity. Modern learning calls them Furies. Their countenances, nevertheless, are benevolent and inviting. If we meet no more unkindly faces than theirs on being ushered into the other life, it will be a desirable welcome.

The monument of the lady is less elaborate, but as finely treated in its way. A beautiful head of Medusa on a panel is the sole ornament of the base of the urn, the cornice of which, like the others, contains obituary inscriptions. A handsome matron in her prime is seated on the top in a curule chair. She is profusely draped, the right arm, however, being bare and upraised, and the hand with unconscious action lightly touching her shoulder, as she earnestly listens, and looks a little forward and downwards. One fancies her a judge; of a surety, one accustomed to be obeyed, but still just and gracious, and in every sense a lady.

Etruscan women were trusted housekeepers. They sat at the head of the table and kept the keys, except those of the wine-cellars. They had greater social freedom, and were more eligible to public posts than are their English sisters, whom they so much resembled in their domestic habits. One of the female ancestors of Mæcenas had a military command. There is nothing unreasonable, therefore, in believing that the distinguished lady of the Volunni sepulchre once held an important office of state,—a supposition which seems the more plausible from the masculine pose of the right hand on the knee, which is authoritative in movement

and indicative of firmness and decision. It does not detract at all from the feminine grace and beauty of the statue, but rather adds dignity and character to it. As an art motive, this monument is as effective and suggestive as Buonarrotti's "Duke Julian," misnamed Lorenzo. The plates of these monuments in the expensive work, *Il Sepolcro dei Volturni*, edited by Count Connestabile, Perugia, 1855, though fairly correct in design, fail to do them justice in spirit.

The miniature winged genii, modelled in terra-cotta, attached to the lamp hung from the roof of the tomb, are graceful and appropriate conceptions, on a par in sentiment with Fra Angelico's guiding angels in his "Last Judgment." A spiritual, almost ecstatic element, akin to his, is sometimes to be met with in the best specimens of genuine Etruscan art. It is not to be confounded with the Grecian beautiful, for it is the result of a higher clairvoyance of the imagination into spiritual life. It seems strange at first thought that such a lofty mystic element should be found in the art of a people whose chief attributes of their supreme good or god were strength, riches, wisdom—not love; not even admitting into their triad of divine credentials, like the Greeks, beauty, but taking the same materialized and practical view of the purposes of life that the English race does under the specious term "common sense." But through their grosser understanding of things there is ever to be detected the spiritual light which discloses their Oriental origin, purged of the worst shapes of Asiatic superstition and mysticism, manifesting itself in impressive and intelligible speech after 2,000 years of silence in Pagan graves.

The greatest puzzle of Etruscan art is the extraordinary bronze found at Arezzo, but now in the Uffizzi Gallery, called, in antiquarian despair of interpretation, the Chimera. It has the body of a lion, with the head of a goat growing out of its back, poisoned by the bite of a serpent that forms the tail of the compound beast, whose entire body is showing the fatal effects of the venom. If it admits of explanation, I should say the lion represented the strength and riches of the Etruscan civilization, the goat its corrupting luxury, and the reptile the fatal sting of sin that finally cast it into the mire never to rise again among the nations.

Lettie Lisle.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SUSPENSE.



'VE a heard as that there Dixon's a very deal worse," said Job a few days after (he was always the person to hear the news). "They says he were that worrety as they was obliged to carry him from the place where Lettie were, handy the sea, to his own home, and that the wound took cold or summat, and they didn't know how 'twould turn. 'Twill go hard wi' Norton Lisle if ought bad happens to he, I take it."

"That's what comes o' them as will foller their own way, like Absolum, as were caught by the hair o' his head, and King Nebuchadnezzar, as eat grass like an ox," said Mrs. Wynyate, improving the occasion, if not the tempers of her listeners.

"But Norton haven't a been caught by the hair o' his head, nor eat grass, nor nothing," said the impervious Job, insensible to types and emblems; "and till so be as he's a going to be hung, we lives in hopes as he'll get off safe. They say as that young Wallcott's summoned for to bear witness agin him, which ain't just pleasant, as one may say, for nobody," he ended, looking at Lettice.

Poor Lettice spent the days in misery. She had a feeling as if her own fate depended, more or less, on the trial, as well as her father's; as if old Wallcott's opposition would never be overcome "if anything happened" to Norton, as she euphuistically called it in her own mind; and yet as if it were very wicked to be thinking of herself when such matters of life and death were on hand.

Norton had recovered so fast that his trial was to come off at the winter assizes.

"Summun must go and see which way it all turns out," said Job, when the time came. "Tell'ee what, I think't had best be me: Amyas hates a throng he does, and Lettie won't so much care see her father come



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to grief if he's to be hung, or sich like; so I'll just make the best o' my way over to Mapleford; and if cousin Smart 'll take me in, well and good; and if she won't, why there it is."

"Nay, I can't leave Norton without some one to send to if anything happens," said Amyas kindly; "so we'll e'en both go together."

Mrs. Wynyate was more unhappy than she chose to allow. With some very worthy people it is a sort of religion in such cases to make your neighbours and friends unhappy too. As they sat at supper that evening, there was no rest for anybody in the room—"Why had Lettice left the dairy-pans so dim? and why hadn't Amyas been after Norton a bit to see after his soul, what were in such a poor way? And the girl they'd got to help, when Lettice went away to her father, was so light o' head and so slow o' heels, there was no bearing her; and the flour hadn't come, and why was Job always so forgetful?"—till at last Job—who was the only one, as he declared, who "stood up to her," and who had not yet finished his bread and cheese,—undertook his own defence at such length, and in a voice which overpowered even his mother's, that Amyas got up in silence and left the room.

Job went on tranquilly with his work, *i.e.* his supper, till at last Mrs. Wynyate, hearing some laughing in the kitchen, charged in to bring the offenders to punishment, carrying with her the only candle.

Lettice dropped down on a little stool before the dim fire, wearied out heart and soul; Job got up, with his mouth full, and leant against the mantelpiece. Neither spoke: the mere fact of silence seemed a relief not rashly to be broken.

"'Tis well," he said at last, "as there's a place where what's wrong here 'll be righted there." Did he mean that he should be able to make his mother as uncomfortable elsewhere as she did him at present? "I wonder," he went on, consideringly, "whether it ain't as bad to have a tongue to nagg folk's lives out all round all their days, as for a man to bring up a lot o' silly little dabs o' kegs of stuff, to do folk good, into the land? and yet there ye see there's one on 'um's fit to lose his neck for't, and t'other's a wery pious female, as one might say——"

"Oh, don't, uncle Job, please; how can ye!" cried Lettice, horrified.

"—And an 'ornament to her see,' as the preacher said on collection day, when she put money in the plate," went on Job, without minding her.

"You know it says in the Book, 'Judge not,'" interrupted the girl, feverishly; "and I'm sure I've got enow in my evil heart to look to, and try not to repine, and 'tis all for our good, and we deserve it all, and a deal more too, for our sins."

"As for yer sins, Lettice, well, ye see I don't know so much neither. And who's strove and drove more than Amyas, I'd like to know? and done his duty both by man and beast 'in that situation whereunto he were called?' As far as I can see, 'tis them as is done wrong to as is so sorry and penitent and all that, and them as wrongs is as comferble as ever they can stick. What do you say, Amyas?" he ended meditatively: for as he

spoke, his brother had come back in the darkness, and seeing that all was quiet, pulled up his chair to the fire and sat down in silence; but Amyas made no answer. Presently, in the quiet night, there rose the Christmas hymn,—the “waits.”

“But it ain’t the right day; they suits their own convenience as to their rounds, and is noways petticklar when they comes,” said Job, going out to have a bit of chat with them.

There was a plaintive fall in the rude music, softened by distance and night. “Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day,” as Portia says; and they sat on listening, without speaking or stirring. The singers had ended their carol, and, quite unconscious of their heresy, were singing a hymn to the Virgin—which, with the tenacity of village customs, had lasted on nearly three hundred years after the time when the meaning had died out of the words.

“What does it all signify in the world, uncle Amyas?” said Lettice, when the music stopped, bringing up her stool to his side, and leaning her head against him as she had not done since her “troubles.” “How is it with life and all things? While the music was talking, as ’twere, it seemed to me as if I could see it all plain, but now ’tis got all dark again.”

“I’m sure I can’t say,” replied Amyas, sighing, with that unwillingness to bring up his faculties to tackle a hard subject which is found in many men of more education than Amyas.

The small white cat came purring up to her. It had grown quite wild and shy during the long months she had been away, and would not come near her on her return. Its strangeness had vexed her, for she valued its little friendship as a reminder of her happy days with Everhard. Now, when she took no notice, it jumped into her lap.

Presently, as he pushed in the half-burned brands to the fire, and a flame shot up, he saw her disappointed face.

“Look, dear child,” said her uncle, with an effort: “yer might talk yerself hoarse, splaining things to that little kit; ’twouldn’t understand any bit the more all yer strove: same with you, when yer was a baby, what good were it telling of ye the how and the why? ‘See in part—through a glass darkly,’” he half muttered to himself. “I’m thinking it must be the same with us. Every now and then we seems to catch a light, and then it’s sunk again, like that blaze, and we couldn’t put it into words neither; but there’ll come a time, please God, when we shall know even as He knows us. ‘Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief;’” he ended, rising with a sigh, as Mrs. Wynyate came back into the room. —“Now it’s time for us all to go to bed, mother,” he ended.

The next day seemed to Lettice interminable. Her uncles left home early. It had been a wild night: the wind was whirling round the house, tearing at the branches of the great elms; sobbing and moaning, as it seemed, round the house, with gusts of cold rain drifting fitfully past from time to time—which was the only way in which the winter showed itself. The draggletailed fowls and peacocks, the dismal-looking cows

and horses, took shelter as they could: everything looked miserable, and drenched, and dreary, and uncomfortable without, while within Mrs. Wynyate's ceaseless complaints of the dirt brought in by each successive entrance, had gone on since the morning. Lettice, in silence, had brushed and tidied and straightened in vain; and she now sat, when evening came, depressed and wretched, in a sort of comfortless despair, trying to realize to herself what was going on at Mapleford, and the share which Everhard would be forced to take in the trial—when at last her grandmother came into the room, and she rose, fearing she knew not what; but Mrs. Wynyate sat down quietly by her side and uttered not a word.

"You'd best not sit up any longer, Lettice; 'tis no use, and it's getting late," said she at last, and then, seizing the girl's hand as she passed her chair with unwonted feeling, in an iron grasp, the old woman went on in a broken, rugged voice, with vehement energy: "Pray, child, pray, that it mayn't be barren sorrow to us all, but that it may bear fruit to life eternal!" and, to Lettice's surprise, she saw a great tear in each dim eye, though they did not fall. She stooped down with a sudden impulse and kissed the stern old face for the first time in her life with a feeling of affection.

"Good-night, granny—thank you, dear granny!" she cried, running out of the room to hide her own tears, for Mrs. Wynyate had a horror of emotions.

The next morning she was crossing the upper end of the farmyard, when, to her surprise, she came upon Job.

"Well, so ye see I'm come back; I were just coming in to tell ye. The trial came on so late as I couldn't make it out to get home last night," he said, tranquilly; "so I set off ere 'twere light this mornin' wi' the butcher's cart. Amyas will be here afore long."

"But what came of the trial? how were it all?" cried the poor girl breathlessly.

"Why, ye see, there were a big 'un in a wig went on a pokin' and a pounding at yer father, ever so long up and down; and hadn't he done this'n and hadn't he a done that'n all the days o' his life?—till at last grandfa judge he comes down o' him and says, That there ain't fair, you ha'n't a got nothin' to do with all that, only just did he kill Dixon?"

"What! 's Dixon dead?" cried Lettice.

"Nay, he's none dead, but was going on for better, last I heerd."

The poor girl wrung her hands, past her patience at the impossibility of getting on.

"But how were it settled at the end?" said Mrs. Wynyate, coming up to the rescue.

"Some on 'um said one thing and some said t'other way. I'm a' muzzed and can't tell rightly how 'twere. There were a little chap, sharp as a needle, what fired the pistol, says one; and next one pruv he weren't there a bit, his face being blacked so as they couldn't know him."

"Whose face?" said Lettice.

"'Twere as if they set up the things for to bowl 'um down again, as we does skittles, up them, down t'others ; to it agin, my masters."

"But the end, what was the end? what's his sentence,—Norton's sentence?" said Mrs. Wynyate, exasperated to a degree, and shaking him violently by the coat, as if by that means she could shake the words out of the interminable Job.

"Well, he were transported for life, or twenty-five years was it? I ain't quite clear I ain't," blurted out Job, angrily. "So there, now, ye has it yer own way, and a great hurry you're in to be sure for such fine news," he went on, in great dudgeon at not being allowed to tell his story as he pleased.

Lettice breathed a little more freely at last.

"There they was bothering and boring Everhard about his helping off one Caleb at sea. I can't think whatever he done it for," wondered Job.

"Why, it was he got off father in the first place," said Lettice, indignantly.

"Well, which on 'um done right and which on 'um done wrong, I'm not sure; I don't know how 'twere rightly. Dixon had a wounded himself, somebody else said," he went on, consideringly. "But, to be sure, them counsellors they tangles things, and twistes of them, and tosses 'um up like a bull does a red handkercher, till there ain't nothin' left o' a plain man's tale, there ain't."

When Amyas returned there was not much additional information to be gained even out of him; he had that disinclination to gather up his recollections, as it were, into concrete description, which is so often the case among men. One thing, however, Lettice did pick up. Addressing no person in particular, he said,—

"That young Wallcott came out of it uncommon well, I will say that for him; he didn't say too much nor too little, but there he held on to a plain story and stuck to it. 'Twere dark and he didn't know the man, and his face were blacked, and he saw no pistol fired, and Dixon weren't dead nor nigh to it," he said.

"And Norton?" said his mother, impatiently. "Did ye see him after all were over? and did he take on about it? and what did he say about going away so far?"

"He didn't seem to think scarce anything much anyways. There's a ship going right off to Australia, they tells him, and he says, 'I'm a very handy chap, and shan't be long a making my way out there, I take it.'"

Norton went out to Australia, where, as he expected, he did very well before long—earned his ticket-of-leave, and "founded a family." Antecedents were leniently regarded in those parts; besides, there were many worse men in his Majesty's dominions than Norton Lisle, who yet had never been boarded and lodged at the public expense; there are no holes, however, for pegs of his peculiar construction in an old civilization, unless indeed he had 5,000*l.* a year, when he could have indulged his sporting instincts without any one finding much fault either with him or them.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHAT CAME OF IT.

EVERHARD had been a good deal badgered and browbeaten at the trial, and when it was over he went moodily up once more to his father's house, where luckily he found Mrs. Wallcott alone.

"At all events, I haven't done any hurt to Lettie's father, I don't believe; but it's been a bad time, mother," said he, sitting down gloomily in the kitchen. "And then my father came up to me in court, and said out loud, 'There! ye must be main glad to be well out o' that mess o' marrying a felon's girl!' Does he think I'm a going to leave hold o' her hand because she wants helping more, I'd like to know?" he went on, marching up and down the kitchen. "I'll soon let him hear a bit o' my mind when he comes in, I will."

"Now you see here, my dear boy," she began, with great earnestness. "Don't'ee begin wi' a set-to wi' yer father: it just breaks my heart and don't do a bit a good, but just makes him ten times worse, knockin' o' yer heads together, hitting just where 'twould be better missed. You just leave all quiet, and let me try and make it straight. There's times and there's times, and a continual drip, they says, 'll wear away the hardest stone."

"But then where shall we be, mother, Lettice and me, before you've got through the rock? why we shall be dead and buried, and much good it will do us then to win with him," said Everhard, half laughing at his own lugubrious images.

"Well, ye see, if Norton had a been hung, maybe it mightn't have been so well," replied Mrs. Wallcott, meditatively; "but now as he'll just be settled right away, outside nowhere, as one may say, and beyond reach o' mischief, 'tis next best to being dead, and summat like it: so yer father may come round better now, nor before time, who knows?"

Everhard accordingly held his tongue during the remainder of the evening, till he went back to Seaford; and his father seemed to be only too glad to take it for granted that all was as he desired, to tide over the difficulty by leaving things alone under cover of a truce, and to consider that his son would forget all about it in time.

"Give him the rein enow, and he'll tire of it and think better of it hisself, that's what I say," said he, with a sigh of relief when Everhard had left the house.

"I don't see what you're to do if he's so bent upon it," said Mrs. Wallcott, philosophically, a day or two after, when she had propounded Everhard's case to her husband for the sixth or seventh time. She was standing with the top of a saucepan in her hand, while he went on fulminating vengeance against his son for his crimes.

"Anne's been and burnt the bacon again," she said, parenthetically, as she looked into it. "That girl's enough to sour cider, she's so careless,

that she is." Then resuming the thread of her discourse—"if thread it could be called where thread was none,"—"It ain't as if you'd a got heaps o' boys and girls o' yer own, Mr. Wallcott, for to leave yer goods to. You've got but one on 'um, and I can't see as there ain't any harm in the girl. I seen her out o' winder t'other day along wi' her uncle what were a coming out o' that Susan Smart's, which it's wonderful what a temper she have a got to be sure, and so uppish no one can't stand her; and Lettice—if that's her name—I don't see as she won't do as well as another on 'um. Girls is poor flimsy things nowadays, not a bit like when I were young; but there, I don't know who'd be good enow for my boy, that I don't. You may go farther and fare worse, I says, Mr. Wallcott." Mrs. Wallcott was a mistress of that style called the roundabout; and how she ever reached her conclusions was a mystery known only to herself.

"Yes, I that have just made it all good about the Woodhouse, that's all safe in my hands. The papers are to be finished to-day. And the girl's uncle ruined right off, and her father a smuggler and in danger o' hanging. A pretty man for Everhard to consort wi', as I've saved and slaved for all my life!" shouted Wallcott, angrily.

"We didn't use to be so petticklar," answered his wife. "'What for are ye collying* o' me?' says the pot to the kettle."

It was too true to be pleasant.

"I tell ye, I'd rather leave my money to the pigs," cried Wallcott, his face purple with passion and the veins on his forehead swollen with the violence of his rage. Mrs. Wallcott drew back; she well knew it would do no good to cross him in such a mood. He turned out of the house towards the stable, muttering angrily. "Bring out the new bay," he called out roughly. It was an ill-tempered beast, like himself, which he had just bought at a good deal under its value for that very reason: one of those "bargains" which are so very dear at the money.

The horse fidgeted and moved excitedly, first to one side and then the other, so that its master was a long time without being able to mount. "Quiet, ye brute!" he went on calling furiously. At last, with much difficulty, he managed to scramble on its back, and even before he was well in the saddle struck it repeatedly and angrily with his stick. The horse resented the blows, started violently, threw up his heels, reared, and Wallcott was unseated, though he slipt off rather than fell.

"I'm not hurt a bit," cried he, trying to get up; but he was a large man, and evidently a good deal shaken; and as the bystanders helped him off the ground, they found he could hardly stand upright: his arm fell powerless, and they carried him towards the house.

"'Tis a stroke," said his wife, placidly, as they brought him in. "They doctors telled him to kip hisself quiet, or he'd be sure to have one afore long, and here ye see 'tis. I've begged him scores and scores o' times not to ride that there horse; and he always said he were only playsome, and that 'tweren't vice."

* "Brief as the lightning in the colly'd night."—*Midsummer Night's Dream*.

There was scarcely anything to be done for the old man. He continued in the same helpless state, growing more and more violent as he was less able to make himself understood—till at last, as one stroke succeeded another, he sank gradually into a kind of dotage. Dreams of money or its absence—the ruling passion strong in death—hung about him; he was beset with the idea that he was ruined and penniless, and should have to go to the workhouse, and the only way in which he could be kept quiet was to pay so many shillings a week into his own hands, and as long as the feeling of the money remained with him he was more content.

The final steps as to the mortgage had not been taken before old Wallcott was taken ill; but, in spite of this delay, Amyas was preparing as before for the order to move.

"Sure you might just be quiet and see what'll come of it," said Job, plaintively, when they received a message through Ned, from Everhard, begging that no changes should be made at present at the Woodhouse. Amyas, however, could not divest himself of the idea that Everhard, when he had the power, might be wanting in the will, and went on trying to make his arrangements. It was a most painful tenure, indeed, to him to be thus hung up between earth and heaven, dependent on the good pleasure of he scarcely knew whom.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SPRINGTIDE.

It was the first real spring day, fresh and bright.

"Lettice, you go and see after Dannel, as sends word he's sick and can't come," said her grandmother, in the afternoon: and the girl set off across the meadows, where everything was beginning to bud as early as was possible in the year; for there had been scarcely any winter, as sometimes happens in that favoured climate.

"Well, Lettie," said the old "dark" man, recognizing her step as she came into the cottage, "I'm terrible bad, I be, you may depend on't; my cough he's a deal worse: there's summat tarblish wrong a goin' on in my inside, and if ye don't tackle he, 'twill be a hard matter for me to climb May-hill. They says, ye know,

'March will search, April will try,
May 'll shew if ye live or die.'

Well, I've a don my dooty, and I'm ready to goo; and there I shall sit on the right hand o' God, and o' my beautiful Saviour, I shall," said he, with some importance; then coming down rapidly from this seraphic state of mind to more pressing interests: "You tell Madam to send me a sup o' broth, or summat, I feel so leer" (empty), he went on in his usual peremptory fashion. "There, if I could but twiddle down to the Woodhouse and tumble the butter, 'twould fresh me up a bit, it would!"

"We're in hopes you'll git down after a bit now—'tis so fine, too," said Lettice.

"And how can that be, if I can't neither eat nor sleep?" said the old man, crossly: "there's my missis got so stiff that it terrifies her for to make the bed, to shake it and hemp it as I wants it, and they tells me it's all up wi' yer uncle, as he can't by no means stop on at the Woodhouse because of the mortgage, and then where shall I be?—And what's come o' that young Wallcott, I'd like to know, as used to be here so much?" he went on presently. "'Tis a greatish while sin' I heard talk o' he: he were a nice tidy chap, enow—and he's tookt hisself off for good and all, they says. That'll be along o' Madam Wynyate's doings, I'm thinking. Well, ye know they young men there's no dependence on' em; they comes and they goes when they pleases, and as they pleases; and they won't ha' none to gain-say 'um. 'Tis a pity, too, as he'll never come back no more, for he was a trimming smart young fellow he was," he ended these consolatory remarks.

It is not pleasant to hear such things concerning the tenderest part of one's future, even from a person who knows nothing whatever about the matter. Lettice sighed as she came out of the little dark cottage.

There was a "tender grace" about the exquisite evening, like the first opening of a rosebud: the world seemed full of sweet scents and sweet sounds, as if the whole earth was bursting into bloom, as she walked slowly home. Everywhere the flowers were opening, the pale green corn springing, a fringe of fern followed the line of the deep lane, the hedgerows were set with daffodils and primroses; the children all had "posies" of them in their hands: the earth was a perfect garden. There was a fresh springing feeling in the air: the birds twittering, the axes of the woodcutters ringing through the wood, and the laughing of the "yaffingale," the great red and green woodpecker which glanced across the glades like a tropical bird, in a coat of quite another colouring than the sober browns our birds generally affect in the north; but poor Lettice was too sad at heart to enjoy either the sights or sounds. She sat down at last near the little pool—the scene of her childish misdeeds. The water was clear, the pale blue sky was clear; the trunks of the great oaks on the top of a green mossy bank, overrun with a perfect garden of daffodils, which seemed to be overflowing down its edge to see themselves in the water, were all reflected below. She sat and watched them absently: it had been too lovely to pass by, but she had forgotten at what she was looking, as she rested her head upon her hands. In spite of the size and strength of her belief in Everhard—"which it's as big and strong as the minster at Mapleford," said she to herself—she was beginning to find it long, and to sigh for some tidings of him. He had taken Amyas's prohibition to come near them till all was clear, far too literally for her comfort.

Something stirred, as it seemed to her, in the water below, and she raised her graceful little head to see down into it—when she met Everhard's eyes looking up at her, as it were, out of the water itself: he

was so continually in her thoughts and so mixed up and connected with everything in her mind, that if he had come up bodily out of the pool itself, she would hardly have been startled or considered it otherwise than quite natural.

"You never heard me, Lettice! what were you thinking about so hard?" said he, smiling, as he sat down beside her, and took her in his arms.

"But are you sure that it's all quite right that you should come?" whispered she, nestling up to him, however; "and that they won't mind it at Mapleford, and that uncle Amyas will be content?"

"You're like a bit of conscience set on end in a little red hood, I do believe," answered he, laughing; "it's very right indeed; how can it be wrong when you and me come together?"

But in spite of this very convincing argument, the uneasy look did not pass out of her anxious face till he had told her all that had happened.

"My mother's been as kind as kind; you must go and see her soon, Lettice; I think that'll thank her best to see your little face. You see it's her money is set upon the Woodhouse after all: so she's a right, if any has, to say yes or no, and she gives it up to us, you and me, that's her rights. (I never saw such a place for wild daffodils as this is.)"

"And you mean we can live here along wi' uncle Amyas, in the dear old place all together all our lives?" replied Lettice, with her eyes sparkling. "And that's the good thing you've been doing of all this weary while? You're a very good man," she added, earnestly.

"And what have you been doing all the time?" said he presently, looking down into her eyes with a smile.

"It's very dreary waiting," answered she, hiding her face on his shoulder. "I don't think you can tell how long the days seem."

"Why can't I tell?" laughed he.

"Because you're a man, you know, and can move about and be angry, and all sorts o' such like things that serves to pass the time."

"What! do ye think that's such a pretty pastime?" answered he.

"Them as tries it seems always to take great delight in it," said she, with a smile and a blush.

Then, after he had proved convincingly to his own and her satisfaction that everything he had ever done had always been the very best possible under the circumstances,—

"Why, that moss is just like green velvet where you're sitting, Lettice, with the winter being so mild. It's a very pleasant place this, to be sure. I don't wonder at folk being sorry to part with it."

"But you mean uncle Amyas to stop, you said? How did he take it when you spoke and told him?" said she, anxiously, beginning to see that all was not quite so simple as she had fancied.

"Well, I suppose he's to stop. Why, he ain't so over and above fond o' me, and so he wasn't that overjoyed, you know, at having to be as it were obligated, anyhow."

"But he'll be fond enow of you, Everhard, come he knows you better," cried she—the colour rising in her cheeks—in her uncle's defence. "Ye can't think what a man he is! There ain't a mossel not so big as a penny-piece in his heart o' what's low, nor selfish, nor mean; and now oughtn't we to go home and see after him a bit?" said she, as he would have detained her; and they sauntered slowly back together as the shadows fell.

"Sunny, fresh, bright evening, how pleasant the world looks," said Everhard; "and coming out of the town too. Hark how the lambs are bleating, and see that pair o' cutty wrens beginning a nest. It's quite a shame to go in before sundown."

But still she drew him gently on, for, in the midst of her own happiness, she began to realize that there might be sore hearts not very far away. Amyas was standing rather moodily in the porch as they came up; but his cloudy brow cleared when he saw the light in Lettice's little face.

"Why, you look as if you'd grow'd a pair o' wings, child, sin' morning." Then, turning to Everhard, "You'll mind and be good to her all yer days?" he went on somewhat seriously.

"I should like to see the thing that wouldn't be good to Lettie," replied the young man, with some grandeur, a little annoyed that his virtuous acts were not done greater homage to, and not understanding in the least the bitter pang with which Amyas felt himself now a dependant in the house which had so long been his own.

"Uncle Amyas, he's your nephew too now, you know. You'll care about him, won't you?" whispered Lettice, anxiously, dropping behind, and taking hold of his hand in both hers, as they followed Everhard into the house. "I never can be right down happy in my heart if you're not a little glad about it too," she went on, stroking the hand she held, and with a whole world of tenderness in her voice and manner.

And with the link between them of that pleading little face, Amyas shook hands, at last, much more cordially with the young man, in a sort of silent welcome, as they entered the old hall together.

"I believe you've strove to do all that was kind by me and mine, Everhard Wallcott; and I thank ye for't, though I haven't many words to give to-day," he said, at last, with a sort of simple dignity.

"You'll let me stop here to-night, Mrs. Wynyate?" said Everhard, presently, smiling a little, perhaps, too affably for the situation.

"I'm sure I don't know where to put him, Amyas," muttered his mother, a little too audibly.

Lettice threw herself desperately into the breach. "Granny," she whispered, drawing the old woman to the stairs, "you'll let me come in to you, or I can go to the garret where uncle had used to sleep, and then there's that room where I bide all ready."

It was not a promising beginning, and Lettice's heart sank within her, but the evening went off better than could be expected. Amyas made a great struggle to be cheerful; but their chief comfort was Job,—greatly

pleased with himself for his own wisdom and perspicacity, he considered the marriage as mainly his own doing, and admired it accordingly.

"Well, you're not for letting the grass grow under yer feet," observed he, rubbing his hands, when he heard Everhard's plans: "you'll be before-hand, now, wi' the cuckoo, 'what orders his coat at Beaulieu Fair and puts it on at Downton.' And so you're to have the wedding in church, is ye? and I'm glad o' that too, we that pays tithe reg'lar, and Easter dues, and all them things, and don't get no benefice on 'um like. I always thought we should take 'um out in prayers."

"I've a made up my mind for to go live at the Dairy-house, for all sakes' sake," said Mrs. Wynyate next day suddenly. "Now, don't ye go and say ought agin it, for 'tis much the best every way," she went on, in answer to Lettice's rather timid remonstrances. "Ye see, child, things ain't, nor can't be, as they used to was. The house is to be Everhard's, they tells me, and he don't like 'um done as they ought to; and I ain't used to new ways, and can't change, and I shall be best by myself, as 'twere, and you knows it; and 'tis so much nearer the chapel, too. Besides, I don't think much o' young men nowadays, to be waited on and looked after like that," she ended, with some disgust at seeing Lettice getting something hot for supper ready for him. "So we'd best part while we're friends," said her inexorable common sense.

A few days after the wedding Everhard came up to Lettice with a packet of papers which his mother had given him.

"Find me a safe place for these. They're the title-deeds of the Woodhouse," said he, smiling.

"Don't you think we ought to give them back to uncle Amyas?" said she, laying her hand on his arm with a hesitating blush and smile. "Don't they say the money wasn't near the value; and we might live here for the interest, mightn't we, Everhard? It would be so nice to give him his own again."

"A good deal more than his own that would be o' the place, I fancy. I don't see that at all," he answered. "What do you think Lettice says?" and he repeated her words to Amyas, who entered the room at the moment. It must be confessed, to the discredit side of his offer, that he did not believe her uncle would accept it.

Lettice was making her escape, not at all approving of this easy mode of generosity, when Amyas took hold of her hand, and drew her fondly to him, with the tears in his eyes.

"Look, dear child: I was thinking of going away, and leaving ye to yourselves." She looked horrified. "But Wallcott says he don't know nothing about farming, and that I'd best stop and look after it. I don't believe I'm fit for much else; but I can do that." In spite of his modesty, Amyas was of opinion secretly that he was a very good farmer. "After all, it's no hardship to be beholden to you; and if I could ha' had my wish, 'twould ha' been as I should leave the Woodhouse to thee

after I go (which I couldn't). Job and John ain't fit for it, and Ned don't want it; so there 'tis, just all for the best, you see."

They were not at all rich, after all. The old money-lender's gains melted away to very little when the master-hand was gone which knew how to pull the strings necessary to bring in the gold. Amyas and Lettice were exceedingly glad, and Everhard not sorry.

Old Wallcott lived on for many years, and when he and his wife were provided for properly, there was barely enough to enable the others to live in comfort at the Woodhouse.

"And a very good thing too," said old Dannel, who generally enacted the part of chorus in a Greek play, considering it his duty to make the proper moral observations and the right exclamations in the right place for the family, reprobating vice (when it did not succeed), admiring good fortune, and the like. "All them pounds is more nor one mortal man didn't ought to have. I mind what my old woman said that time when that there sovereign were bewitched away from us, and we'd had such a sight o' merries* as never was: 'It's maybe as well,' says she. 'I was afraid o' that word o' David's, "The wicked do flourish." Who knows else how it mightn't ha' been with us in the t'other world?'"

CHAPTER XXX.

AFTERMATH.

It is only in three-volume novels and fairy tales that, when the proper distribution of deaths, marriages, and sugar-plums has taken place, it can be said of the actors that they lived "happy for ever after." It shows, indeed, a curious state of the public mind that all men should agree in stories to consider the starting-point as the goal, and the preparation for life as the only interesting part,—in fact, the life itself. It saves a world of trouble, however, to the narrator; the remainder is far more difficult and complex a subject,—many more keys minors to be harmonized, more involved discords to be resolved. It is the difference between a melody and a symphony.

Lettice was a great deal cleverer than her husband. There was more of her thoughts which he never knew of, feelings which he would never share: a wider, larger nature, which, however, neither circumstances nor cultivation ever made much use of.

Everhard was no hero, and his shallow education had not taught him how little he knew. But his wife never found it out. She went through life worshipping his wonderful powers and great acquirements, which, perhaps, on the whole, was for her happiness. Sometimes a dim doubt came over her, when she differed from him, as to whether his right (which

* *Fr. mûrise*: little black cherries,

was to her right) was so absolutely *the* right; but she put it down as a sort of treason.

They had their ups and downs of joy and grief, they lost their only little girl, and, having several boys, desired ardently what they had not got. In time, however, there came a little Lettice, very like the first to look at, who took possession of Amyas as of her rightful property and estate before she was two years old. She was the joy of his heart, and might be seen trotting after him, at almost all times and seasons, in and out of the house. She was a very much happier little being than her mother had been, tried by no harsh words or actions, above all, troubled by no misgivings, no self-mistrusts or self-torturings; all the difference, in fact, between the last generation and this. There was, perhaps, too, a little less of the shy charm of her mother. The dawn is a very evanescent thing in these times, self-possession and self-consciousness come rather too early, perhaps, in the day.

It was a good many years after their marriage—Lettice considered herself quite a middle-aged woman, and Everhard a "comfortable man,"—when their little girl, having been ill, and not recovering her strength,

"Little Lettie ought to go to the sea," said her mother, anxiously, one day when her child had been some time ailing.

"They say there's quite a place grown up at the Chine," replied Everhard. "You'd better take the child over there for a while. I shan't be sorry to see the old coast again. Uncle Amyas says he never saw such an aftermath as to-year, and that we shall have a fine time with the beasts, and so we can afford it nicely." (The aftermath is the second crop of grass after the hay-harvest is in.)

"And then we shall be sure to hear something of the Edneys," said Lettice to herself.

In the early days of her marriage she had written repeatedly to "Aunt Mary," but Mary was no scribe, and the painful epistles from Jesse, few and far between, told her little but the fact that they were still alive, so that at last the unsatisfactory correspondence had died out of itself. In those days of dear postage and difficult communication far nearer connections were often not heard of during half a lifetime.

As they drove over the once silent heath, where the Pucks used to turn into colts, they came on a row of staring white lodging-houses: a large hotel stood on Jesse's garden, and the little Bethel had been succeeded by an elaborately "high" Church.

As they passed what had once been the "Puckspiece" they saw a great blue placard, intimating that "this commodious and genteel residence, with coach-house and stables," might be hired by any family of distinction desiring that honour.

Lettice felt as if the Pucks were indeed playing tricks with her senses, as, with a puzzled feeling of identity, she helped Everhard to establish themselves in the smallest and quietest lodging they could find.

The next morning Everhard declared, "I'm just going over to Seaford to-day, Lettice, to see Ned and the rest, and the old place. I shall be back by night, and you'll do quite well without me. There's a coach there now."

Lettice took the child down to the shore, where at least the sea and the beach continued unchanged.

There were a number of little people, with spades and smart hats, burrowing in the sand, like the sandhoppers which she remembered of old; with whom, to her astonishment, remembering her own shy days, Lettice the second fraternized without the smallest difficulty.

As they wandered about together she could find no one who had even ever heard of the Edneys. The smart London builders who had made the place seemed to have destroyed even the name of the former owners: they had vanished like the seaweed of last year's tide.

Late in the afternoon, however, as she was straying rather aimlessly up and down, watching Lettie, who, with a wooden spade, was effecting wonders in the fortification line, in company with a fat boy, one of her new allies, an old sailor came up to her.

"I hears you was asking after folk as once lived here long fur time back," he said.

"Yes, six brothers," answered Lettice. "Pilots and fishers they were."

"Well, ye see, one and another come to grief like, and sold their lots o' ground; not for all that, though there's been such sums and sums made since, it isn't they nowise as has got the money. 'Tweren't nothing like; they were none the better of it. And at last Jesse pilot were left all to hisself; and he wouldn't stir, he said, from his father's ground; and so he stopped on till he died."

"And his wife, that they used to call aunt Mary in those old days?" said Lettice, with a sigh.

"She went off to her own friends when she were left to herself, with that there David they'd a brought up."

"And where may that be?"

"Well, I'm sure I can't say rightly," said he, scratching his head. "I have a heerd tell, I know; but where 'tis I can't mind not anyhow."

"And there was one of the brothers much younger than the rest," observed Lettice, hesitatingly.

"Ah! Caleb you'll mean. He got into trouble with the Revenne folk, and then he run for it and got aboard a whaler or summat; anyhow, the boat were wrecked and almost every man drowned. They say Jesse never were his man after he heerd on it: there were a blue-jacket aboard one of the ships he were piloting of as telled him, I heerd say. You'll give me summat for to drink yer health, marm?" ended he, as Lettice turned, dazed, away.

She longed to be alone, to get away from the parasols and the smart hats, and the donkeys, and the telescopes with sham sailors at the end of

them. She shrank at last behind a shoulder of sand-cliff, out of sight of every one, with nothing but the sea and the sky and the beach before her, "where the voices of the waves and of the dead were the living things to her." The past had come back to her so vividly that she could see and hear once again all that went on in the old days at the pilot's: Mary's voice seemed sounding in her ears with its affectionate greetings, David's patronizing airs, and the old pilot's serious "discourse;" while her intercourse with poor Caleb, from the day when he carried her across the river to his pleading on the shore, was as present to her as if it had been yesterday.

It was quite evening, and she was still sitting there when the little girl came running up to her.

"Oh, mother, come down to the shore out of this stupid place. I've got such beautiful things! See here's a sea-mouse all over little spikes!" And she opened her small, hot, sandy hand, in which was wriggling some hideous sea-monster. And at the child's voice, the past shrivelled up once more.

"Why, you don't look like the same child," said her mother with a smile, putting the little dishevelled locks to rights; "and here's father coming to meet us. See what a nice colour Lettie's got in her cheeks already," she went on, going towards him.

"There's two Letties have got nice colours in their cheeks, I think," said Everhard, looking at his wife, over whose face the youth of the past seemed to be passing. "'A sea-mouse?' what's that, I wonder, Lettie? Put it in my pocket and we'll look presently, for I'm as hungry as a hawk, and want to get home."

The child danced round them, running in after the ebbing waves, and flying from them, as they came back again, like a little elf, and returning to hang on to his hand;—while the sun set behind them, giving a golden glow to the cliffs and the sea, and throwing their three long shadows on the level wet sands before them.

"See how great and big I am," sang the little girl in a sort of chant, and the traces of the old life seemed to be wiped away for her mother as if they had been a dream.

Tree and Serpent Worship.

WE propose to give a pretty full account of a book of great value and interest, which, from its costliness, and the small number of copies printed, cannot find its way into many hands. The subject is "Tree and Serpent Worship," as illustrated by the sculptures of the Buddhist Topes of Sanchi and Amravati; and its author is Mr. James Fergusson. Specimens of Indian sculpture being required in 1866 for exhibition in Paris, along with Mr. Fergusson's photographs of Indian architecture, a search brought to light the Elliot collection of marbles from the Amravati Tope, in the coach-houses of the India Museum. How they came to be there is for our present purpose immaterial. On the discovery, Mr. Fergusson procured photographs of them and of others in the Mackenzie Collection; and was able, by piecing together the photographs, to effect a restoration of the monument. On this he projected the publication of the photographs: the India Council entered into the project, and granted the necessary funds. A series of drawings and photographs of the Sanchi Tope having, thereafter, come to hand, the Council sanctioned their publication along with the Amravati photographs. The materials for the volume being so far complete, it was thought indispensable to explain how far tree and serpent worship, so abundantly portrayed in the sculptures, had prevailed in other countries besides India, and had underlain and influenced other forms of faith. "I could not but feel that, to have made the text a mere description of the two Topes," says Mr. Fergusson, "and to announce it as such, was simply to seal the book against general readers, and to relegate it to the small and, I fear, diminishing body of enthusiasts who are supposed to delight in the despised local antiquities of India." Hence the elaborate introduction, in which the prevalence of the worship of the serpent and the tree, or of the one or the other, is traced all over the world, and much new and curious light thrown on the history of more than one of the great religions.

The subject is not new, but in Mr. Fergusson's hands it has assumed new aspects. Most readers must have known something, at least, of serpent worship, the history of which, strange as it may seem, has been frequently paraded as a branch of the evidences of Christianity. The sole object of Mr. Bathurst Deane, for instance, in his book on the subject, was to confirm the account given in Genesis of the fall of man. Having, as he conceived, proved serpent worship to be "the only universal idolatry," and to have preceded every form of polytheism, he declares it inexplicable, except by reference to the Serpent of Paradise. The aim of the present work is different from that: it is strictly historical. And

so are its methods. Mr. Fergusson shows no partiality for the serpent of Genesis over the Naga cursed in the Mahābhārata. As this indicates that serpent worship preceded Buddhism in India, so that is a sign, and no more, that it probably preceded Hebreism in Judæa. The advantage in the inquiry of this absence of bias, is immense; and one consequence of it has been a slight contraction of the area of prevalence of the cultus. Another advantage over his predecessors that Mr. Fergusson has had, is the mass of new evidence, direct and indirect, supplied by the sculptures on the Topes, which no other man was so well fitted to interpret. Lastly, no previous writer has brought to bear on the subject such thorough good sense, and familiarity with the methods of exact inquiry, combined with industry and learning. The result is a work, which must form the starting-point for a new series of inquiries into the ancient condition of men.

In his exposition, Mr. Fergusson seems to have lost an advantage by giving first what he calls the fossil examples of serpent worship, instead of the living instances. The reader to whom the subject is new, must frequently miss the full force of some of his tersest remarks on the fossils, simply for want of the knowledge of the living instances which is supplied to him later. Take, for example, the case of Cadmus, in the Greek strata:—"Cadmus fought and killed the dragon that devoured his men, and, sowing its teeth, raised soldiers for his own purposes. In Indian language, he killed the Naga Raja of Thebes, and made Sepoys of his subjects." Nothing could be happier than this; but, to appreciate it, one should know that in India *now* we have numerous tribes of Nagas (or Serpents) on the North-Eastern Frontier, ruled by Naga-Rajahs, whose *teeth* our Government occasionally metamorphose in the way indicated. Then, with the mind full of the fact that the worship is still a living reality, as in Dahomey and in Oceania, and was such, till lately, in America and Cambodia, the significance of the traces that are found—sometimes they are few and faint—of the worship in the remote history of the advancing nations, would be more readily perceived; the revelation they afford of the state of the ancient world would be more full and impressive. This is a question of presentment; and yet not that merely, for the fossil instances are not necessarily *the oldest* in order of time. As Mr. Fergusson shows, there is reason to think that the Africans may be to-day exhibiting rites and beliefs that were in force among them in their present hideousness more than 4,000 years ago. It is right to state, however, that he does not affect to follow, in his exposition, the order of time, either direct or inverse. His arrangement is geographical,—the Western world being taken first, and the Eastern after. We propose to follow this arrangement, and glance rapidly at the results.

In Egypt, both tree and serpent worship prevailed—but as parts only of the general animal and vegetable worship—perhaps with a degree of pre-eminence. "From bulls to beetles, or from crocodiles to cats, all came alike to a people so essentially religious as the Egyptians seem

to have been." It is a step from Egypt to Judæa, where we meet the story of the Fall. "With the knowledge we now possess," says Mr. Fergusson, "it does not seem so difficult to understand what was meant by the curse of the serpent. . . . When the writers of the Pentateuch set themselves to introduce the purer and loftier worship of Elohim, or of Jehovah, it was first necessary to get rid of that earlier form of faith which the primitive inhabitants of the earth had fashioned for themselves." The curse, of course, was not on the serpent, but on the cultus,—which may have been Mesopotamian, rather than Jewish: the fragments of early books and traditions, from which the parts of Genesis referring to this matter are composed, being now generally admitted to belong to Mesopotamia rather than Judæa. There is a good deal to be said, however, beyond this that unquestionably concerns the Jews themselves. Abraham planted "a grove" at Beersheba, "and called there on the name of the Lord;" and the tree under which he entertained the angels at Mamre was worshipped to the time of Constantine.* Then we know that the bush or tree on Horeb was sacred before the Lord appeared in it as a flame; and when he did, Moses' rod was changed into a serpent,—the sacred tree and serpent thus coming into suggestive juxtaposition. Next, there is the brazen serpent in the wilderness, with *healing* powers such as belonged to the serpent in the Greek mythology. It disappears after performing the miraculous cures, to reappear in Hezekiah's time, when we learn that throughout the interval (five centuries) it had been preserved in the Temple, and that "unto those days the children of Israel did burn incense to it." The worship was then suppressed, along with the worship of the groves. That it had been actual *worship*, appears from the *Wisdom of Solomon*, in which the practice is reprobated: "They worshipped serpents void of reason." It might be more proper to say it was *repressed*, than *suppressed*; for it cropped up among the same people again in the Christian sects of Ophites, Nicolaitans, and Gnostics. The Ophites, according to Tertullian, "even preferred the Serpent to Christ." They kept a living serpent in a chest, as, or to represent, the God; and had peculiar views of the Eucharist, and of a "perfect sacrifice," that might not be uninteresting, did space permit us to explain them.

The serpent was honoured, perhaps worshipped, in Tyre from an early period down to the time of Alexander. According to Sir Henry Rawlinson, Hea or Hoa, *the third person* in the Babylonian Trinity, may be considered as the serpent deity. In Assyria the tree, in the form of the grove (*Asherah*), was commonly worshipped. The evidence is overwhelming that the worship both of the tree and serpent prevailed in Greece. To keep clear of the myths, we find that in Epidaurus there was

* It is a question whether the "grove" here referred to was not the *Asherah*. In 1 Kings, xiv. 23, we find that the Jews "built them images and *groves* on every high hill and under every green tree." That they worshipped these groves is proved by Judges iii. 7.

the temple of Æsculapius, and the grove attached to it, in which serpents were kept and fed down to the time of Pausanias. A huge serpent was kept in the temple of this god in Alexandria; while at Athens was the temple of the serpent god Erechthonios, whose site the Erechtheum now occupies. They had the cultus in Rome, but whether it was indigenous may be a question: the annual ceremonies at Lanuvium would indicate that it was indigenous. They also indicate a phallic connection. There was tree worship, but apparently no serpent worship, in Germany; both prevailed in Sarmatia. The Samogitae, the Poles, the peasantry of Esthonia, and, it would appear, the Prussians, had both. Both again occurred in Scandinavia, to which Mr. Fergusson conceives the myth of Wodenism, derived from Buddhism, to have been transferred by a migratory column, from the Caucasus. The Gauls had human sacrifices, "a note," according to our author, of serpent worship, of which beyond this the traces among them are few and evanescent; trees they worshipped as freely as the Germans. Mr. Fergusson carries his scepticism rather far in rejecting altogether the traditions of serpent worship in England. On the evidence of the sculptured stones, he admits the cultus in Scotland, especially on the east coast, where he perceives the last trace of the migration which carried it to Scandinavia.

Passing to Africa we reach what may be called "the hot-bed" of the faith. In Upper Egypt, at Sheikh Haredi, the worship of the serpent was as rife, till very lately, as it had been in ancient Epidaurus. Abyssinia, again, affords one of the numerous instances that history presents of a race of kings tracing up their line to a serpent as progenitor. The faith prevailed there till the fourth century. It is to the west coast of Africa, however, that we must go, to realise in its full hideousness what the religion was. There we can now study it from the life among the Dahomans and Whidans. "Hitherto we have only been gathering together the fossil remains of an extinct religion," says Mr. Fergusson, "whereas in Africa, not only does serpent worship flourish at the present day, but it exists in conjunction with all those peculiarities of which only traces can be found elsewhere. Ancestral worship, accompanied by human sacrifices on the most lavish scale, is the leading characteristic of the Dahoman religion; and with it we have the institution of a female warrior class, which we have hitherto only known through the beautiful Amazonian fictions of the Greeks, or the legends of the Hindoos as to the Stri-rājya, but in Dahomey the institution exists to this day in all its hideous savagery."

"The Trinity" of the Dahomans is identical with that of the Athenians of three thousand years ago—Serpent, Tree, and Ocean; Erechthonios, the Olive of Athene, and Poseidon. Since there is this agreement, and since the Dahomans have been without the wave of progress which carried forward the Greeks and other advancing races, the question arises, Is it possible that the Dahomans represent to us the ancient condition of men? "How far," asks Mr. Fergusson, "are we

to consider this Dahoman worship as a living fragment of the oldest religion of the world, or how far may it have grown up in more modern times? The traditions of the country are, as might be expected, far too vague to be of any avail in such an inquiry, and we are left to draw our conclusion from such information as we can gather elsewhere. We know, from the Egyptian monuments, that neither the physical features nor the social status of the negro have altered in the slightest degree during the last four thousand years. If the type was then fixed which has since remained unaltered, why not his religion also? There seems no *à priori* difficulty. No other people in the whole world seem so unchanged and unchangeable. Movements and mixtures of races have taken place everywhere else. Christianity has swept serpent worship out of what were the limits of the Roman world, and Mahomedanism has done the same over the greater part of Northern Africa. Neither influence has yet penetrated to the Gold Coast; and there, apparently, the negro holds his old faith and his old feelings fast, in spite of the progress of the rest of the world. It may be very horrible, but, so far as we at present know, it is the oldest of human faiths, and is now practised with more completeness at Dahomey than anywhere else, at least at the present day."

The human sacrifices in Dahomey, in which as many as six hundred victims are offered up at one time, are not sacrifices to the serpent god, but a feature of the ancestral worship. It was different in Mexico, where the sacrifices were intended to appease one of the serpent deities, who had attributes of terror never ascribed to the serpent on this side of the Atlantic. In Peru the worship resembled that of the Old World. The principal deity in the Aztec Pantheon was the sun-serpent, whose wife (the female serpent or female sun) brought forth, at one birth, a boy and girl, who became the first parents of mankind. It was "the feathered serpent" who taught the Aztecs, as Cecrops (who was half a serpent) taught the Greeks, religion, laws, and agriculture. It is needless to say the cultus has been traced over the whole continent of America. There is a speculation that the American Indians were preceded in the occupation of the land by a race of serpent worshippers. But they have, or had, the cultus themselves. The first Carib, as we learn from Mr. Brett, was half a serpent—the son of a river god. Being slain and cut to pieces by his mother's brothers, the Warrus, the pieces, when collected under a mass of leaves, grew into a mighty warrior, the progenitor of the Carib nation.

In the Eastern world both tree and serpent worship occur, but modified, as might be expected, by the subtlety and imagination of the Orientals. We met, in the West, either living serpents as, or as representing, the god, or images or symbols of them. We now enter a region where the serpents are strictly divine, with forms and attributes often distinct from those of any earthly reptile; and where, moreover, we meet serpent-men and serpent-women—not mere Naga tribesmen and tribeswomen, but creatures combining human with serpentine characteristics, and of various orders of standing and power. The same prolific fancy

that created the orders of angels, archangels, cherubim, and so forth, filled the Naga Pantheon with creatures of the imagination, in classes and ranks,—with seven-headed, five-headed, and three-headed serpents, and with beings human in form, but having one, two, three, or more serpents growing from their backs or shoulders, and holding guard over their heads. As we contemplate these in the sculptures, it is impossible not to feel that the parasitic snakes merely indicate that their owners are divine, as do the wings of our own angels and cherubs. We meet again in the East, with a doctrine resembling that worked out in the story of Elsie Venner—the serpent nature in the human body capable of being displaced by a proper human nature. Of this an illustration occurs in a Cashmerian legend relating to the family of Sakya-muni himself. An ancestor of his fell in love with a serpent-king's daughter, and married her. She was able permanently to retain her human body, but occasionally a nine-headed snake showed himself springing out of the back of her neck. Her husband struck off the reptile one time when it appeared. She was then affected with blindness; but was cured of that, and remained human ever after. Other legends represent a Naga-rajah as "quitting his tank," becoming converted, and building churches; and a Brahman, for a sin he committed, turned into a Naga, and spending his life for some years thereafter in a lake. Real serpents were worshipped as well in the East as in the West; but in the East it is more clearly apparent there was a completed process of "ophi-morphism." God was made in the serpent's image, and the Olympus filled with attendants suitable for the god.

Zohák, the most important person in Persian history, is the first instance, in Mr. Fergusson's exposition, of a being with serpents growing at his back, one from each shoulder. To appease the reptiles—they fed on human brains—two young men had to be sacrificed each day. The author thinks it more probable that the serpent dynasty reigned in Media than in Persia. Zohák, according to tradition, came from Arabia. His representatives found their way to Cabul. From this we pass to Cashmere, a principal centre, as already indicated, of serpent worship in India. The cultus prevailed there from a very early date. At one time there were no fewer than 700 places in the valley with images of serpents, which the people worshipped. Mr. Fergusson thinks that all the ancient temples of the country were devoted to this worship. The god in Cashmere was "a living god," so no trace is found of him save the tank.

There are numerous Naga tribes on our North-eastern frontier in India; and, according to Colonel Macculloch, the worship of the serpent still subsists in the centre of them, in the royal house of Manipur. Farther east is Cambodia, where congeners (possibly the forefathers) of our Nagas erected a Naga kingdom, and were long powerful. There they built the serpent-temple, photographs of which, as still standing, startled us all a few years since, by bringing to our knowledge that the most magnificent church in the world was built to the worship of a living serpent simultaneously with the cathedrals of York and Amiens. Farther

east still, we find the cultus prevailed in China, to which land the sculptures show the divine serpent with the seven heads had penetrated, giving a hint that both India and China may have derived their systems from a common centre, which Mr. Fergusson is disposed to think was Thibet. We may now, at last, reach India, in which the chief interest of the work naturally centres, disposing of Oceania by remarking that it is familiar that serpent-worship prevails among the Feejees and the savages of Australia, and that traces of it, as a local custom unconnected with Buddhism, are found at two or three points in Java. The Ceylonese were anciently Naga worshippers, who became converts to Buddhism. They also worshipped the tree.

The history of tree and serpent worship in India joins itself to the history of Buddhism. The Topes of Sanchi and Amravati illustrate both. But while they are very interesting as exhibiting the persistence and influence of the primitive worship, we suspect most people will appreciate them chiefly as contributing to the history of Buddhism. It must be remembered that our knowledge of this religion as hitherto derived from Thibet, China, and Ceylon, rests on authorities later than Buddha-Ghosa, (A.D. 410) more than 1000 years subsequent to the death of Buddha, (543 B.C.) and long after the original form of the religion was superseded by a Naga revelation (about the commencement of the Christian era). The *Lalitā Vistara*, or, *Life of Buddha*, in its present form, was compiled 1400 years after he died; and the *Edicts of Asoka*, (255 B.C.) inscribed on rocks in various quarters of India, earlier than the Naga revelation by two centuries and a half, are the only writings we have for the interval between Buddha's death and Buddha-Ghosa. We are now in a position, thanks to Mr. Fergusson and his appreciation of the Topes, to study phases of Buddhism at two dates intermediate between the *Edicts of Asoka* and the *Life*. The gateways of the Sanchi Tope belong to the first half of the first century of our era, and therefore lie near, and are subsequent, to the Naga revelation. The sculptures at the Amravati Tope, again, belong to a time 300 years later than those at Sanchi. And the Topes illustrate the faith as at their dates. In the frescoes in the caves of Ajanta, there is a third series of illustrations, 300 years later than the Amravati Tope, and belonging to the time immediately preceding the decline of Buddhism in India.

Let us now see what is the history of Buddhism, as Mr Fergusson, after a study of all the materials, has sketched it. It is his opinion that the Aryans that invaded India were not serpent worshippers, either those of the Solar race who arrived 2300 B.C. or those of the Lunar race who followed them about 1000 years later. He is, farther, of opinion that the Dravidians, who, when the Aryans arrived, were in occupation of the whole southern Peninsula up to the Vindhya mountains, were not serpent worshippers. But, looking to subsequent events, he thinks we must believe that there was then in India a nation, or series of tribes, of serpent worshippers; and accordingly he hypothecates a Naga Turanian race allied to the Thibetans or Burmese in possession of the country north of the

Vindhya up to the Himalayas. With this race he conceives the Aryans to have intermixed till, in the absence of fresh arrivals of their own stock, their blood became impure, and the Veda ceased to be a fitting rule of faith for them. In this state of matters, Śākya-muni, himself an Aryan of the Solar race, projected Buddhism—a revival of the superstitions of the aboriginal Turanians purified by Aryan morality and intelligence. "His call was responded to in a manner which led to the most important consequences in a religious point of view, not only in India, but to all the Turanian families of mankind." Ancestral worship was abolished, and the sepulchral tumulus converted into the depository of the relics of saints (Dagoba). Serpent worship was repressed, and tree worship promoted to the first rank. Caste was put aside, and asceticism made the grand path to salvation. The spread of Buddhism, which has made its way more than any other religion by persuasion, was owing at a critical stage to the low caste kings of Magadha—who seem to have been serpent worshippers, pure and simple—making it the State religion.

Buddhism had passed into a new phase by the time of Asoka. It appears in the inscriptions as a system of pure abstract morality, no trace being exhibited of the worship of Buddha himself, or of the tree, or of the serpent. By the commencement of the Christian era it had fallen into a state of decadence, and was represented by no fewer than eighteen different sects. At this time appeared Nagarjuna as the restorer of the faith. The sayings of Śākya-muni in his lifetime had been recorded by the Nagas, and by them reserved till mankind should be fit to receive them; Nagarjuna had received the documents from the Nagas, and was commissioned to proclaim them. This Oriental "Joe Smith" had great success, and founded the new school of Buddhism known as the Mahāyāna, in opposition to the old school, or Hinayāna, the distinction between the two "being identical in almost every particular with that which exists between Evangelical and Mediæval Christianity."

"This is another of those curious coincidences," says Mr. Fergusson, "that exist between Christianity and Buddhism, and there are few so startling. In the first three centuries after the death of its founder Buddhism was a struggling sect, sometimes petted, sometimes persecuted; but in spite of all, we are told in subsequent legends, never spread to any great extent among the people. Three hundred years after Buddha, Asoka did for Buddhism exactly what Constantine did for Christianity. He adopted it, made it the religion of the State, and, with all the zeal of a convert, used every exertion to assist in its propagation. Six hundred years after Buddha, Nāgārjuna and Kanishka did for the Eastern faith what St. Benedict and Gregory the Great did for the Western: they created a Church, with a hierarchy and doctrine. We must go on further still for four centuries more, to Buddhaghosa (A.D. 410) and to Hildebrand, before we find our mediæval churches quite complete, and the priesthood quite segregated from the laity, and the system perfected in all its parts. In the sixteenth century after Christ came the Reformation,

and with it the restoration of Evangelical Christianity. In the sixteenth century after Buddha came a reformation, but it was one of extermination of the faith so far as India was concerned. Śāṅkara Achārya was the Indian Luther, but his aim was widely different. Whatever may have been the abuses and corruptions that had crept into Buddhism in the eighth and tenth centuries of our era, they were replaced by a faith much less pure, and far fuller of idolatrous absurdities than that which it superseded. What the Western Reformers aimed at was to restore the Christian Hinayāna. In the East this was not thought of; hence the different fate of the two faiths. In Europe Christianity was invigorated by the struggle, in India Buddhism perished altogether."

It would be useless to attempt to indicate with what fulness the Topes are made to tell their stories. The effect of the Naga revelation is barely visible at Sanchi. Buddha does not appear on the sculptures there as an object of worship. The serpent is worshipped but rarely. The dagoba, the tree, the wheel, and other emblems are worshipped. On the whole, this Tope may be taken as illustrating the Hinayāna. At Amravati the new school of the Mahāyāna may be studied. Buddha is an object of worship, but the serpent is his coequal. The dagoba, tree, and wheel are revered, and the sculptures give us almost all the legends of the later books, though in a purer form. Hindoos, Dasyas, and other men, women, and animals—especially monkeys—appear as worshippers of the serpent as of the other gods. The serpents are all divine—five or seven headed, and the representations are numerous of the Naga angelic orders—the female Nagas with one serpent only springing from the back—the male with three. At Amravati tonsured priests appear, and other signs of a clerical order segregated from the laity, and of an established ritual. Sanchi, remarks Mr. Fergusson, is like an illustrated Bible of the Hinayāna, 500 years before the oldest Buddhist book, and Amravati of the Mahāyāna, 300 years after its promulgation.

We have now seen how serpent and tree worship entered into Buddhism. Let us see how they affected the other religions of India. Sivaism may have been a *local* superstition for any length of time. It only rose into importance on the decline of Buddhism. It was not, however, according to our author, a growth from the decay of that faith; the reason for this view being that there is no *real* serpent worship in it; which is opinion merely, as serpents play a prominent part in Sivaism and in—a "snaky" connection—the worship of the Līṅgam. The two main groups of religions into which Buddhism, on its decline in India, bifurcated, were the Vaiṣṇava and the Jaina, in both of which serpent worship is a leading feature. The Naga is always present as an object of worship in the Jaina Temples, and the commonest representation of Vishnu is that in which he appears reposing on the seven-headed snake that spreads its protecting hood over the god. Thus, in the history of religion in India, the groups are deduced as follows:—The main stem is the worship of the Naga. Out of this and Aryan ideas sprung Buddhism; whence,

again, after several revolutions were deduced the Jaina and Vaishnava groups, if not also Sivaism. An instructive history, surely, considered in connection with the influence of the serpent in other quarters of the world.

Our rapid survey of the essay is now complete. One remark we must make is, that the author has completely extruded the "evidences" connecting serpent worship with the worship of the Sun, on the one hand, and of the Phallus on the other. Perhaps he has done wisely, as the evidence of either connection would have led him far afield. That the omission has been purposely made, in an effort to disengage serpent worship proper from other faiths, even from those allied to it, is abundantly manifest. The rule which the preface states Mr. Fergusson laid down for himself, has been at all points observed. "I have tried to write well within what I believe to be my real knowledge. So much, indeed, is this the case, that my impression is that the work is more open to criticism for what it omits, than for what it contains; and I, in consequence, lay myself open to the reproach of seeming ignorant of what, it may be assumed, ought to be known to everyone treating of such a subject. It would have been far easier to write an introduction twice or three times as long, and to have left it to the reader to discriminate between the wheat and the chaff; but I thought it better to put forward only what I could substantiate, and to leave the fuller development of the subject to more competent scholars."

The next matter for remark lies in the following sentence:—"Apparently no Semitic, or no people of Aryan race, ever adopted it (serpent worship) as a form of faith." In Mr. Fergusson's opinion the worship, while "perfectly consistent with the lower intellectual status of the Turanians," is diametrically opposed to the spirit of the Bible and Veda, which, in varying degrees of dilution, pervades all Aryan and Semitic religions. The "Turanians," in short, were the only real serpent worshippers.

This is one of the author's "fixed" ideas. His adherence to the tripartite division of the human race into Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian, is absolute, and should be gratifying to the philologists who invented it. Of course, in the present state of ethnology, no one is entitled to complain of this adherence; all the divisions of the race that have been propounded being alike unsatisfactory. And, of course, a philologist is welcome, if he likes, to hold the negroes to be "Turanian." They are a pure race, of a type unchanged since 4,000 years B.C., and are essentially serpent worshippers. But were the Egyptians, who worshipped every sort of animal, in any sense "Turanians?" We have always understood the question respecting them to be, whether they were Semitic, or sub-Semitic, Berbers, or Fellahs? or, according to Morton, Pickering, and Gliddon, a race *per se*—Egyptians? Egypt was a land on which many races impinged—which may explain the comprehensiveness of its animal worship; but a "Turanian" *substratum* to the population is an hypothesis.

We have no knowledge of it;—we have no *knowledge* of a Turanian substratum in the Semitic populations of Judæa and Babylonia, or in the Aryan populations of Persia and Media, though in the latter district the presence of Mongols may fairly be surmised. Affinities between the Pelasgi and Celts have often been pointed out; we do not remember meeting the hypothesis that the Pelasgi were “Turanian”—whatever the word as here employed to infer race and physical characters may mean—before. That some Hellenes were not serpent worshippers may be surmised from the myths; but Mr. Fergusson must consider that human sacrifices were common in the Æolid (Hellic) house of Athamas, as well as among the Pelasgi; and that, if the Hellenes came, as Mr. Gladstone supposed they did, from the Persian highlands—the land of bi-snaked Zohák—they may well have brought serpent worship with them. The case of the Hindoos *proves* that Aryans could adopt a faith in which serpent worship was a leading feature, and we cannot see it to be a note of superiority in a race to adopt, rather than invent, such a worship. It is said they only did so on their blood becoming impure. But the intermixture with “Turanians” is an hypothesis, and even the existence of the “Turanian” tribes, with whom they intermixed, is an hypothesis. The migration from the Caucasus, conveying serpent worship along with Buddhism, under the myth of Wodenism, to Scandinavia, is an hypothesis; and the head of the migratory column in Scotland is an hypothesis. It seems to us more hard to believe all these hypotheses to be good, than to believe that Aryan and Semitic races were, at one time, as low in the scale as any “Turanian.” Is it to be held that they are exceptions to the law of development: that there was no time when their “intellectual status” was as low as that of “Turanians?” What shall be said of comparisons that have been made between the civilizations of China and Europe in the Middle Ages, or of the monstrous beliefs that still form features of the faith of the western nations? It is useless appealing to the Veda or Bible—the highest products of the religious life and genius of particular tribes in either division. Whatever may be thought of either of these works, both probably—the Bible certainly—belonged to times subsequent to the culmination of animal worship among the tribes that produced them, and, as we have seen, the Jews, as pure, perhaps, in blood as any people ever was, persisted in serpent worship to the time of Hezekiah. The religious system of the Scandinavians was unbiblical till their conversion to Christianity in the ninth century; and, after the conversion, the Christian Swedes, at least, practised this worship till the sixteenth century. In conclusion, let us take a crucial case as to the assumed Aryan superiority—that of the Germans. “We look in vain through the classical authors for any trace of serpent worship among the Germans,” says Mr. Fergusson; “nor, indeed, ought we to expect to find any among a people so essentially Aryan as they are and always were; while, on the other hand, we have not in Germany, as we find in Greece, any traces of that underlying race of less intellectual Turanians who seem everywhere to have been the serpent worshippers all

the world over." On the same page he says: "If, however, we find no traces of serpent worship among the purely Teutonic races, the evidences of tree worship are numerous and complete." Now throughout the book he calls tree worship the "sister religion" of serpent worship; and he most commonly finds them together—the one, as he conceives, the dominant form of the worship of animal, the other of vegetable life. On his own view can tree worship be counted more respectable or becoming in a pure Aryan than serpent worship? And if we find the one of the sister faiths prevailing among a pure Aryan race, assumed free, and above suspicion, of "Turanian" taint, may we not infer the idea incorrect that the other could not, and never did, prevail among such a race? We confess we prefer on this point, as more in agreement with the facts, the conclusion of M. Boudin: "Le culte du serpent est indépendant de toute influence ethnique." In this respect it resembles the ancient polyandry which was peculiar to no division or race of mankind, but was a phase at one stage of the development of every race. Mr. Fergusson, in the chapter devoted to India, opens his examination of the Mahābhārata by saying that, among other things, the polyandry of its heroes—the Pandus—"points to the Himalayas," that is, to their being of "Turanian" race, or to their blood being more or less mixed with "Turanian" blood. But we know, on the authority of Polybius, that the Thibetan form of polyandry prevailed among the (Aryan) Spartans within historic times, and on the authority of Cæsar, that it prevailed in his time in Britain, among the (Aryan) Celts. It has been shown to have prevailed among the Jews and Arabs; in fact there are proofs of it among all races quite as numerous, and often stronger, than those we have here of serpent worship. This might be taken as confirmatory of a universally diffused "Turanian" substratum in human societies, could any one think he lightened the gravamen of either practice by that hypothesis, for the races merely infected with it. But it is hard to see how one can so think, and in the case of polyandry, the idea is excluded, because reasons can be assigned why such a stage should occur in the history of every race advancing from savagery.

To drop an argument in which it has been necessary to employ such a meaningless word as "Turanian" is in the philological scheme, let us cite against Mr. Fergusson a linguistic fact conclusive of the point as regards the Semitic races. "Dans la plupart des langues dites Sémitiques," says M. Lajard,* "le mot qui signifie *la vie*, *hayy* ou *hay*, *haya*, *hëyo*, *hayya*, signifie également le serpent." The significance of this fact appears from what is amply shown in Mr. Fergusson's book, viz., that in several of the ancient religious systems, the serpent presides at the creation of the world, and is the god of life and health. Is it possible, in the face of this, to maintain that faith in the serpent had not entered the minds as well as the language of men of Semitic race? We find the word "bull," with a similar double meaning, in the languages of those

* Recherches sur le Culte de Vénus, pp. 35, 36.

Indo-Scythic races to whom that animal more particularly symbolized the life-giving and life-sustaining principle.

Was the association of tree worship and serpent worship casual? They are certainly found together in the great majority of cases; but in some the serpent is found without the tree, and in others the tree without the serpent. Where they concur, now the one seems more important, now the other; they are not exactly co-ordinate. While of serpents but a small variety is worshipped, of trees and shrubs there is a much greater variety. The most common tree would seem to be the *Ficus Religiosa*.

We are disposed to think that the evidence indicates human sacrifices to have been connected with ancestral worship, rather than with serpent worship, and that Mr. Fergusson is mistaken in supposing them a note of the latter. On the other hand, the association between ancestral worship and serpent worship *may* have been so perfect at one time as to justify his view. Among the Khonds the Meriah sacrifices were unconnected with either worship. Their object was to appease the earth-goddess, so as to prevent the earth becoming *soft* and unfit for cultivation.

A few remarks on the origin of tree and serpent worship must close this article. As regards the serpent, our author's views, stated briefly, are that he obtained godship owing to his remarkable nature, the ease and grace of his motions, his piercing eye, his ability to go long without food, the process of casting his skin, through which he was fabled to renew his youth, his longevity, and, lastly, his terrible and exceptional power—the poison-fang of the cobra, “the flash-like spring of the boa, the instantaneous embrace, and the crushed-out life, all accomplished faster than the eye can follow.” He remarks, however, that, if the religion originated in fear, it had everywhere become a *religion of love* before it presents itself to our notice. Everywhere, saving in a single instance, the serpent is “the Agathodæmon, the bringer of good health and fortune, the teacher of wisdom and oracle of future events.” Trees he conceives to have been worshipped for their beauty and utility. “With all their poetry, and all their usefulness, we can hardly feel astonished that the primitive races of mankind should have considered trees as the choicest gifts of the gods to men, and should have believed that their spirits still delighted to dwell among their branches, or spoke oracles through the rustling of their leaves.” This would hardly cover the case of the *shrubs* that have been worshipped. An experience of the poisonous properties of some trees and plants might lead to their being feared and worshipped, if fear was the root, just as in the case of the serpent.

While giving this general account, however, Mr. Fergusson is aware that the question of origin connects itself with very grave inquiries concerning the primitive condition of men. Egypt forces on the attention the worship of all sorts of animals; and tree worship, as presented in this book, demonstrates the worship of a considerable variety of trees and shrubs. Was serpent worship but one of many forms of animal worship

that widely prevailed? and can reasons be assigned (or can it be reasonably conjectured) why, on that supposition, it came to have a pre-eminence? We think both questions must be answered in the affirmative, and, as regards the first question, shall explain as briefly as possible why we think so.

Among existing primitive races, nothing is more common than to find tribes with *totems*—animal or vegetable gods—after which they are named. The following are a very few of the tribes that exist or are known to have existed in the several nations of American Indians—the Wolf, Bear, Snake, Deer, Snipe, Eagle, Hare, Rabbit, Buffalo, Reed-grass, Sand, Water, Rock, and Tobacco-plant. These *totems* occur in Australia and in Central Asia, where most of the Kirghiz tribes trace their origin back to some animal, which they venerate or worship. In one case on our Indian frontier, near the Naga country, the progenitor of a tribe is a rat. Cat tribes, there are reasons to think, are numerous in provinces widely separated. A common name for a pig in the Scotch Highlands is "Sandy Campbell;" and the explanation we have heard given is that the Campbells were once "pigs," *i.e.*, had the pig or boar for their *totem*. They have the boar's head for their crest. The subject has never been investigated, and only enough is here produced to furnish a suggestion.

Now have we, or have we not, any signs that the advancing nations came through such a stage as that in which the American-Indians, Australians, and Kirghiz are presented to us? Mr. Fergusson has introduced us to snake (Naga) tribes in India, and, reading the myth of Cadmus in that light of them, has suggested a snake tribe in Thebes. On the same suggestion we have a snake tribe at Colchis. Phorbas attained the supremacy in Rhodes by freeing it of snakes—a suggestion of a Naga tribe in Rhodes. Take now another creature, and a different myth—the ants and Ægina. The ants in the island were miraculously turned into men—the *μύρμικες* into the myrmidons. Was there an ant tribe in Ægina? * Then what means the boar in the Caledonian hunt? Is it credible that the slaughter of a boar employed the whole chivalry of Greece—an army of warriors, and that the feat should ever after rank among the proudest exploits of the nation? Was there a boar tribe? The oracle enjoined Adrastus to give his daughters in marriage, one to a boar, the other to a lion. This was complied with by their marrying Tydæus and Polynices respectively! Was there a lion as well as a boar tribe? Of the greatness of bulls and horses, we have abundant evidence in the myths, and in the horse names in Homer. But both the bull and the horse were *totems*, *i.e.* animal gods. And there most probably were *tribes* whose special gods they

* We observe that at a recent meeting of the Geographical Society Captain T. G. Montgomerie suggested that an Ant tribe had existed to the north of Cashmere, in explanation of the statement of Herodotus that the gold-fields there were worked by ants. That the advancing nations came through the *totem* stage was first suggested by the present writer in the *Fortnightly Review* in 1866, in a note to two papers on "Kinship in Ancient Greece."

were, and that would be named after them. At this point we may quote Mr. Fergusson. After showing how important a part the horse plays in the sculptures at Amravati, he says :—"It is not easy to say what we are to understand from the prominence of the horse in such a position as this [the place of honour is given to the worship of it several times at Amravati]. Is it an importation from Scythia brought by emigrants from that country [see the fixed idea] ? Is it the horse of the sun, or of Poseidon ? Is it the Avalokiteśvara of the Thibetan fables ? Some one must answer who is more familiar than I am with Eastern Mythology. At present it will be sufficient to recall to memory how important a part the horse sacrifice plays in the Mahābhārata, and in all the mythic history of India. What is still more curious is, that the worship of the horse still seems to linger in remote parts of India." At another place he inclines to regard the worship of the horse as the counterpart of the worship of the bull Nandi by the Sivites. Lastly (p. 135) he says :—"To treat of the worship of the horse, and the importance of the sacrifices in which he was a principal object, would require an investigation nearly as intricate as that of serpent worship, and almost as large a work to explain its historical and ethnographical peculiarities. Next, after the serpent, the horse was probably the most important object in that old pre-historic animal-worshipping religion which prevailed among the Turanian races of mankind [the fixed idea]. After him came the bull, known in Egypt as Apis, and now in India as Nandī. To complete this work after the tree and serpent, ought to come the horse and the bull." Yes, and say we, numerous other creatures, particularly the cat—not that we are other than properly thankful for what we have received.

We think it is now made probable that the ancient nations came through the *totem* stage we find modern savages in, and apparent that serpent worship was originally but one of many forms that prevailed of animal worship. The next question is, can it be suggested how serpent worship got a pre-eminence ? but that we cannot enter upon here. With an expression of our great admiration of the manner in which Mr. Fergusson has handled the history of Tree and Serpent Worship, we must conclude this notice of his remarkable work.

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